TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE.

are subject to waves of reform on this continent of ours. They come and go in regular order. We cial reform, church reform, political reform, and more important and widespread than any of these, e temperance reform. Years ago, fifteen or more, G. Ingersoll said: "I will believe in hell when Kentucky goes dry." By the shades of Robert, Kentucky, ne of bourbon, blue grass, beautiful women and men is now as dry as the pyramids of Egypt. This has spread over the entire North American continent, until now there is more dry territory than wet, a condition undreamed of even a few years ago.

The question is, however, what is being really accomplished? Are the citizens of Canada and the United States any more sober, or has the closing of saloons merely shunted the consumption of booze into other channels? Unquestionably the business world now demands sobriety. Where, even a few years ago, the man of business took his liquor at regular intervals during the working hours, he now finds it out of the question. The demands upon his intellect, upon his nerve centres and upon his general capacity are such that alcohol is impossible. He has found by experience that drink and clear thinking do not go hand in hand. Being a man of some capacity, he looks at the question from a cold-blooded business standpoint. He does not drink himself in business hours, and for the same reason will not employ those who do. On the other hand, however, he has no particular moral objection to alcohol in the form of beer or whiskey. His is a business proposition forced upon him by an age in which every man, to succeed in his life work, must proceed at a tension unknown a generation ago. So I take it that temperance reform or no temperance reform would have found the successful business man in the same condition of mind; indeed, if I am not much mistaken, it was mainly the attitude of the business man that has made this temperance wave possible.

But how of the man in the lower walks of life, the workman on the streets, the mill hand, the carpenter, the plumber and all the rest that go to make up the population? Are they any more sober than of old? I doubt it. Does the closing of the Toronto saloons at seven o'clock on a Saturday night tend to sobriety? I doubt that also. Walk into a saloon at six p.m. on a Saturday and see for yourself. "Hurry up, gents, we close up in an hour!" calls out the bartender. Down goes the liquor in big gulps and another glass is ordered, until at seven p.m. the men reel into the streets, having drunk in one hour or less what ordinarily would have taken them an evening to consume. If on the other hand these same men had gone home to supper, and returned to the saloon with full stomachs they could in the space of a couple of hours have drunk this same quantity of liquor without any appreciable harm.

Mind, I do not quote these instances as questions of ethics and morals, but matters of fact. In European countries, aside from the British Isles, one seldom if ever sees a man under the influence of liquor, and at the same time the places where liquor is dispensed are not only universal, but are more or less governmental institutions. They are the clubs of the poor and sometimes of the rich. The frequenters sit down and chat and drink, and temperance reformers to the contrary notwithstanding, appear none the worse for it.

Where does the difference lie? Is it a matter of race, breeding and temperament, or is it because we have failed to grasp the problem by the handle? Possibly both. There can be no question but that the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt are by nature harder drinkers than are the men of other origin. The Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian as well as the phlegmatic German are content to imbibe the lighter wines and liquors moderately, while with us we want 'em strong and hot.

To my mind, however, the chief error is made in the sort of a liquor drinking resort we have managed to establish throughout the continent. If years ago we had adopted the German method of beer gardens, in place of the everyday saloon, where a man goes in and gulps down his liquor, we would have improved conditions immensely. There would then have been no green blinds and swinging doors which close the present day saloon from the sight of the passerby. There would have been no bar to stand up to, and the liquor would not have been gulped down. In place of this we would have had tables, perhaps partially on the pavement as in Paris, and a man's self respect, if nothing else, would keep him from overindulgence in sight of the passing throng.

Of course we would still have drunkards, even under these conditions. We always will, but I take it that the general adoption of Continental methods would greatly alleviate the present evils of the liquor traffic. High license and even "dry" communities will not keep people sober. Legislation, except it reach a stage where the distillery, the winery and the brewery cease to exist—a most unlikely condition—will not prevent men from drinking and other men from getting drunk. What we want is a little reasoning and a little more common sense intermingled with our W.C.T.U. campaigns.

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ONCE more the race cry is raised in the Province of Quebec, this time by the largest and most powerful paper published in the French language. La Presse, of Montreal in an endeavor to palliate and cloak over the exposures brought to light by the Court of the Royal Commissioner calls the English speaking people of the Province of Quebec "aliens," and then goes on to admonish its French readers to elect a French-Canadian Mayor for the coming term. When some weeks ago I charged that a certain section of French Montreal almost always took occasion to raise the race cry when pressed into a tight corner, particularly when an honest endeavor was being made to clean out the brigand element which controls that centre to its lasting disgrace, I was told that I was intolerant and unfair. Was I, or was I not? If the French-Canadians of the city of Montreal wish to elect a French-Canadian Mayor to succeed another French-Canadian Mayor they unquestionably have that right, the right of the most votes. But for many years, ever since the incorporation of the city I imagine, the English and the French have divided the Mayoralty honors between them, but now La Presse in an endeavor to teach the prying English people a lesson in manners if not in morals, would, if it could, throw aside this equitable understanding. La Presse appears to have taken, on behalf of some of its readers, personal affront at the fact that most of the English and a large section of the best French element of the city, are endeavoring with all their ability, to clean out this cess pool of municipal corruption. The personal affront lies in the fact that a great majority of office holders in Montreal are French-Canadians, and unhappily they are to a large extent of the Captain Kidd variety. They so far have done everything but hoist the Jolly Roger over the City Hall, and one may even expect this if La Presse has its way. Unfortunately the attitude of such a paper places the better element of French-Canadians in a most difficult position. The appeal is to the turbulent, to the ignorant, to those who love uproar and bluster and brawl; to those who pulled down British flags on Ladysmith day years ago and who would do it again if opportunity arose. Fortunately this element is, I believe, in reality relatively small in Montreal, all out of proportion to the noise they make,—and certain it is that La Presse has not the support of the better element of French-Canadian citizens.

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THAT a man is the owner of an automobile is, of course, ground sufficient for regarding him with suspicion as a citizen and a man. If there is ever any doubt as to who is guilty, it is good law and a popular move to penalize the motorist—at least in Canada. He is the common enemy of the human race which drives horses or walks on its feet, and as such he is to be given no quarter—except many quarters in the shape of fines. All this is taken for granted as the ground-work of right thinking on the subject of automobilists. But in the interest of the great common people who scorn to ride in motor-cars, and who don't know enough about them to be able to swear at them with perspicuity, I feel obliged to call attention to certain reckless habits which I have observed about the streets of town on the part of those who drive in rigs and walk. I don't take up this subject with any desire of making easier the way of the motorist, for I feel that he is beyond the pale of mercy and deserves no consideration whatever. My sole desire is to save the man in the street from being unpleasantly mussed up by six-cylinders and unlimited horse-power.

So far as the man who walks is concerned, and this also includes the lady who trips along and the youngster who runs, the habit of dodging abruptly out from the sidewalk in the process of crossing the street is apt to be attended with unpleasant consequences. Crossings are intended to be crossed on, and to run out in front of a ravenous automobilist is merely to arouse his evil passions. He is, of course, just aching to run some one down and is ready to pounce on the first walking human that comes within reach. Why give him a chance? Especially why do ladies with children put themselves in his way as they do? Is it for the same reason as a hen always scoots across the road just under the horses' feet?

But the people who drive are even still more to blame for reckless conduct. The manner in which they swing from one side to the other of the road is merely an invitation to disaster. Of course, I admit that the pleasure of putting a six-thousand-dollar car to the bad—not to mention the delightful possibility of killng the automobilist—would compensate for much. But then think of the possible damage to horse and to rig, and also to Self and Mrs. Self and all the little Selfs. It isn't every man who can afford to devote a horse and rig and family to such purposes of vengeance. It is therefore perhaps a wiser plan to refrain from crossing the road unless sure that there is no motor hastening up in the rear. There are parts of the world where drivers are in the habit of indicating with their whip or arm the direction they intend to take in turning, so that those coming up behind will know on which side to pass them. I admit it is a good deal to ask that such courtesy as this should be shown to a man in an auto, but still from motives of safety and convenience it is perhaps best to show it. Don't be careful for the sake of the motorist. He doesn't deserve consideration. But be careful for your own sake and that of your wife and your horse and whatever else may be yours.

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THE city of Guelph, Ontario, has arrived, for the citizens now proclaim to the world that municipal ownership, honestly and competently administered, is an unqualified success. According to figures compiled for the Board of Trade of that city, Guelph to-day, has "out-Glasgowed" Glasgow in the operation of its public utilities, and now has the honor of having the lowest tax rate of any municipality in the Dominion, or out of it for that matter. Guelph not only owns its water works, but its gas plant, its electric lighting plant, its street railway, and the Guelph Junction railway which connects it with the C.P.R. Every one of these utilities is today, making money for the municipality, while at the same time the water taxes and the rates for gas and electricity have all been materially reduced until statistics now prove Guelph, Ontario, the cheapest place in the Dominion in which to reside.

In spite of reductions to tax payers and profits accruing the various municipal plants have not only been maintained up to standard but have been largely augmented, and at the same time the assessments have been steadily decreased, by reason of profits turned into the city treasury. But Guelph is not going to stop here, for there is now a movement on foot to dispense with its Aldermanic form of Government, and to appoint in its place a paid commission to govern the entire city under the leadership of a municipal general manager.

In this municipal reform Guelph is unquestionably striking the right note, and it would be well if we, here in Toronto, could follow in her footsteps. The difficulty is and always has been that the average man is so busy attending to his private affairs that he has no time to devote to the requirements of his city, but what Guelph has done every city in the Dominion can do, barring Montreal, of course, where nothing seems possible in the way of civic government. That public utilities such as street railways, and lighting corporations should be privately owned is as incongruous and absurd as would be the private ownership of the postal service. The question is, how best to attain these ends? We can obviously do nothing until a city like Toronto is placed on the same business basis as any large private corporation such as, for instance, the Canadian Pacific Railway. That a Board of Aldermen is not competent, except, possibly, in an advisory capacity, to attend to the civic wants has been shown time and again. We have a recent example in the city's dealings with the Toronto Street Railway. Any sane civic general manager, with average business capacity, would long ago have come to some understanding with that corporation. But no. The average Alderman dodges the main issues and fights over the trivial points until the Aldermen themselves as well as the citizens generally are disgusted and disgruntled.

Slowly, but surely, we are arriving at a point where the people of Canada generally will demand the public ownership of public utilities. It is without a question of doubt the most effective legal process of restoring the people to their own. The average man is honest as well as intelligent, and has long outlived the day when the Baron owned acres because he was strong and able to care for them. Our forebears huddled around the castle because they were weak and the Baron was strong and able to protect them. But we have moved on some since those days. The feudal system had its uses and served its purposes and passed away. We moved on a step to the point where we elected people to boss us about, to make civic laws for us, which we either broke or obeyed. In place of Barons to whom our forefathers swore allegiance, we elected Mayors, and in place of the Baron's stewards we nominated and elected Aldermen. But it's time to move again. We now have no more use for Aldermen than we have for Barons or for their stewards. It's time for the paid commission and the municipal general manager; and with the advent of the new regime private-owned public utilities must pass away from every intelligent community.

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WHAT constitutes a proper allowance for the divorced wife of an American millionaire? Katherine Clemmens Gould in obtaining a legal separation from her husband, Howard Gould, a younger son of the late Jay Gould, asked for $250,000 per annum, but the trial judge allowed her $36,000 yearly. To most of us this would appear an ample sum to keep body and soul together and provide a shelter for a rainy day, but to Katherine Clemmens it will probably appear meagre enough, though there was a time, not many years ago, when she would have thought $36,000 a princely fortune. This ex-actresses's testimony before the Court clearly illustrated the terrific waste of money among the rich men and women of America. Three pairs of gloves a day were among the items she named. A thousand dollar Paris creation could not possibly be worn over twice in public. What she did with cast off gloves and gowns is of course a mystery to a mere man. In the meantime most of us will get along very nicely with oft times laundried shirts and cleaned clothing and darned socks. After all even terrapin palls upon the palate when indulged in too often.

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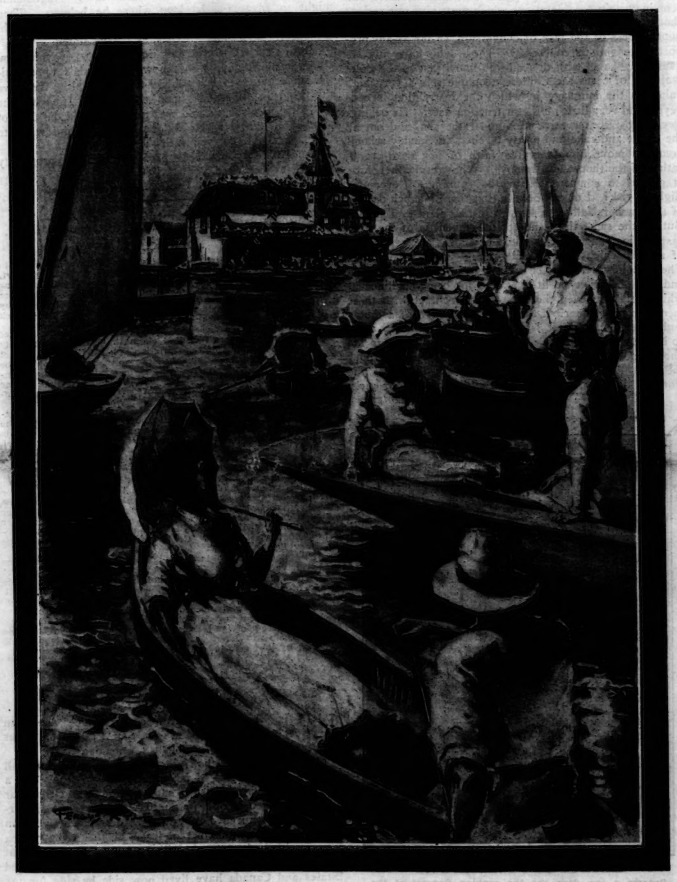
PRESIDENT Taft is the father of a corporation tax which if passed without amendment, will impose a tax of two per cent. on the net earnings of each United States corporation, joint stock company or association organized for profit, and having a capital stock represented by shares. Insurance companies of all sorts and descriptions will also come under this head, and it is presumed, of course, that banks are also meant to pay their share. The tax would appear to be equitable and just, for latitude is given to concerns in the way of exemptions for expenses, depreciation of property, debts and interest thereon, while all corporations are given an exemption of $5,000 of net earnings before the tax applies. In other words if the corporation is a struggling concern earning $5,000 net per annum or less there will be no tax collected. If passed as is promised, though the general tendency of the ultra protectionist Senate and House would argue against it, it will be curious to see the various corporations get under cover with their net earnings. They will unquestionably do as have a number of the Canadian banks, cover up a goodly proportion of net earnings with various expenditures, mainly real estate and buildings which never by any chance show themselves on the annual statements.

If this corporation tax becomes law and proves workable, it will tend largely to burden a goodly proportion of the taxes where they belong, upon those who can best afford to pay them. For instance, the Standard Oil Company will pay something like $1,500,000 per annum, provided the annual net earnings are produced in the same proportion as in the past. The large railways, most always good money makers, will also be large contributors, while the United States Steel Company will contribute a sum about equal to that of the Standard Oil Company. With tariff schedules which are being revised upward instead of downward, and corporation taxes the United States will, in all probability, have no trouble in making good the constant and ever increasing drains upon its treasury.

Speaking of tariffs reminds one that President Taft has got himself into a most unenviable position. In his speeches throughout the recent campaign, Mr. Taft made it distinctly understood that there would be a substantial revision downward. This was the pledge of the Repub-



A SUMMER AFTERNOON ON THE BAY.
AT THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB.

lican party and of President-elect Taft. In Cincinnati in the autumn of 1908, Mr. Taft remarked that the Dingley tariff had served the country well, but that its rates had been generally excessive. These remarks he reiterated time and time again throughout his entire campaign. Now what is he going to do about it? Men like Senator Aldrich who talk low tariffs and then manufacture high ones, are not presumed to have either high ideals or honest intentions, but what of the President? Will he stand by his word, as Cleveland would have done, or will he be thumbed about by men of the Aldrich stamp? It's up to President Taft to veto the tariff bill now before Congress, but has he the necessary nerve? One must wait and see.

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YEARS ago—how many I refuse to state—in the days when the hokey-pokey man was as Ganymede, a dispenser of the bounty of the gods, and there were no delicacies like unto that which we used to lick from his egg-cups, I remember that our elders used to warn us against the dangers of the concoction which we ingenuously believed to be ice-cream. Even then germs and microbes had put in their appearance to fill half the pleasures of life with morbid fears; and the wiseacres, whose caution grew as their appetites waned, were ready with a host of dismal forebodings of physical ills to follow our indulgence in ice-cream. It remained, however, for the wiseacres of a later day to discover the moral dangers of the frozen dainty. The attention of the public has again been called to this phase of the question, by the renewed discussion of the knotty point as to whether ice-cream is a food or a particularly insidious form of attack by the Father of All Evil. Inspector Archibald inclines to the latter view, as he showed in the recent trial of certain restaurant-keepers for selling it on Sunday. Without at all wishing to dispute the more intimate nature of Inspector Archibald's familiarity with the operations of the Evil One, I must confess that I find it a little difficult to quite grasp the logic of his position. It seems to be agreed that a restaurant-keeper may sell food on Sunday—eating being a relic of unregenerate times which it seems difficult to entirely abolish. Furthermore, friend Boniface appears to have the right to sell ice-cream along with the rest of the meal. But here is where Inspector Archibald and I part company—I confess it in sorrow and heavy travail. According to him, if a man doesn't care for his soup or his steak he has no right to his ice-cream. In other words, when eaten alone ice-cream ceases to be a food, and becomes a stumbling block unto the feet in the way of righteousness. Now this is what I don't understand. I can't make out why a restaurant-keeper should be allowed to sell a piece of restaurant pie in all its unrelieved viciousness, unaccompanied by fish or flesh or good red herring, and yet be mulcted for selling a dish of ice-cream, which is gentle and soothing and inspires thoughts of peace and good will. Or can it be that the malice of the ice-cream lies precisely in its pleasantness? Does Inspector Archibald object to the selling of ice-cream for the same reason as the Puritans objected to bear-baiting—not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators? Must a man feed on nothing but lees and husks on the day of the Lord? Surely not. Surely there is more in eating and restaurants than is dreamt of in Archibald's philosophy. At the same time, in justice to a devoted public official who has made the ways of Old Nick very difficult in Toronto, I must repeat that when it comes to a first-hand knowledge of the workings of the Arch-Enemy, there are few who can compare with the former Inspector of Morality in sureness of scent and breadth of experience. He would find the Devil in places where no ordinary man would even suspect his presence. And of this singular power no finer instance can be given than his finding him in a dish of restaurant ice-cream.

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WHAT is there about a fashionable summer resort that the gambling element must needs invade it, and if not turned out, hook, line and sinker, spoil it for the better element and in time ruin the place financially. I am reminded of this by the fact that Mount Clemens, Michigan, has now got to a point where the business men have organized themselves for the express purpose of stamping out gambling, which has within a few years grown so fast that those, who each season were accustomed to indulge in the curative waters, are deserting the place. Saratoga, which a generation ago was probably the most fashionable as well as popular resort on the continent, has been through the same discouraging experience. With the race track gambler came the faro player, the card sharp and all the rest of the discreditable fraternity, and Saratoga began to lose its prestige and its guests. The New York papers printed stories of how John W. Gates and the rest of that wild, gambling element lost or gained thousands upon thousands nightly in the Saratoga "Club." Then people, who for a generation were accustomed to spend their holidays in the beautiful village, with its fine drives and walks and mineral springs, began to go elsewhere. Saratogans then put their shoulder to the wheel, and all too tardily forced out the gambling element, closed the Saratoga "Club" and a half dozen other like resorts. But it was almost too late for already the "Queen of Spas" had lost her prestige which it will take years to regain. The seven year locusts and Ireland's great potato rot have gone down in history as great afflictions, but they are nothing as compared with a nest of gamblers when they settle down in a locality.

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GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, at the age of forty-nine, becomes the head of the United States army with the title of Major-General. The elevation of this man over the heads of old and deserving officers of that army, is probably one of the most vicious and discreditable pieces of favoritism that can be laid at the door of Theodore Roosevelt. Wood was an army doctor, a creditable and worthy man, and a close personal friend of Roosevelt's. When the Spanish-American war broke out, Roosevelt, then a Cabinet officer, was anxious to go to the front. So he organized the Rough Riders and not having had any military experience himself he elicited the aid of Leonard Wood who assumed the colonelcy of the Rough Riders with Roosevelt second in command. Later on when Teddy had accumulated sufficient experience to take over the command of the Rough Riders himself, he used his influence with McKinley, and Leonard Wood was made a Brigadier-General, this making the necessary vacancy Roosevelt desired for himself in the Rough Riders.

This was the beginning of General Wood's career, for from that time on he was, under the persistent favoritism and boosting of Roosevelt, advanced grade after grade over the heads of older and more experienced men, until now, barely turning fifty, he has reached the topmost position in the army of the United States. So much for being the friend of Theodore Roosevelt. As I have said before there is no black mark against General Wood's record, and a moderate recognition of his services would have met with general approval, but there are a hundred other officers who at the beginning of the Spanish American war were his seniors in rank and who in ability and personal worthiness were more entitled to higher rank than was this ex-army surgeon. But the worst feature, in the eyes of his fellow officers, is the youth of the man, for he will now occupy the position, bar death or disability, for no less than fifteen years, or until the age of compulsory retirement. This will mean that a younger generation will have arisen, and that the older men, with records back of them, will trudge on and on in their work with no opportunity of reward. Fortunately, Congress has vacated the rank of Lieutenant-General, that occupied by soldiers like Grant, Hancock, Sherman and Nelson A. Miles, so that in no event can this Roosevelt favorite attain their distinction.

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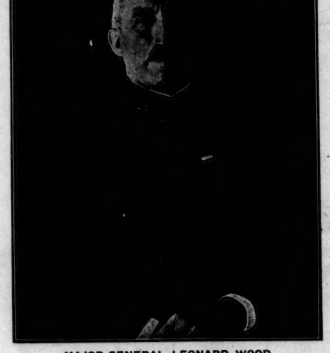
IN view of the recent horrible murder of a young white girl by a Chinaman in New York, it would be easy to give way to a hysterical outburst against the whole evangelical system which furnished in some measure the opportunities out of which this crime arose. It is far, however, from my intention to do so. In the first place, I realize the practical isolation of the case. There are many thousands of young women engaged in teaching Chinamen the principles of Christianity, and yet Elsie Sigel's case is unique. Besides, to face the facts of the case frankly, there seems to be no doubt that the unfortunate girl allowed herself to be swayed by quite other than Christian motives in her conduct with her Chinese pupils. She was not a good woman, and had she been so the tragedy could never have occurred. It is therefore not fair to hold the system of evangelism entirely responsible for what has happened.

While admitting all this, and endeavoring to do justice to the efforts of earnest men and women for the conversion of those whom they regard as heathens, there still remain certain considerations which must give one serious thought. In the first place, there can be little doubt of the hopelessness of the task of conversion, so far as any proportionate gain is concerned. Those who have any acquaintance at all with this subject, know that in the great majority of cases the Chinese neophyte sets a very high value on the language in which the instruction is conveyed, and very little on the instruction itself. He belongs to the most conservative race under the sun, and not all the coffee and cake and pretty teachers in Sunday-schooldom can move him from the faith of his great-grandfather of the thousandth remove. What result, therefore, is gained to compensate for the running of even the slightest risk? I do not believe that there is much danger of the teachers falling in love with their slant-eyed pupils. But, at the same time, the ethical standards of the low-caste Chinaman who comes to our shores are very often of a kind which it is difficult to find words to describe. These coolies are apt to be degenerates of the lowest type, and there seems to be little excuse for bringing innocent white girls into even the most casual contact with these men who have inherited the accumulated evil of a thousand generations. If it is thought worth while to work so hard to bring the noble doctrines of Christianity to the knowledge of a class of men who are of all races perhaps the least likely to understand and adopt them, let the work be done by men. It is certainly no task for girls.

THE COLONEL.



MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD
Became a few days ago the ranking General of the United States Army.

The Englishman in Canada.

AN English newspaper man hustled into my office the other day and interrupted my work on account of a matter which did not concern me particularly. He wanted me to give him offhand my opinion as to why Englishmen were unpopular in Canada. And, moreover, he applied himself to the subject in a manner that convinced me that several quarter hours would be consumed if I did not shut him off. So, said I: "You come back at 4 o'clock to-morrow and I'll let you have my views on the subject in writing." He retired, and I've not seen him since. I took the trouble to write some of my opinions on English immigration and immigrants for his especial benefit. He is, I consider, one good reason for English unpopularity. And since he did not bother about procuring these views, I will give them for what they are worth:

There is no prejudice against, but plenty of work in Canada for, the sober and expert English artisan. True, there may be some opposition to him by individuals; but, in the main, the heads of labor organizations in this country are broad-gauge men. They do not seek to preserve the market by boycotting brother Britons, but, rather would widen it by diligently solving the question of the labor supply.

We also welcome the English farmer, who has capital and pluck enough to make a start under unfamiliar conditions in the great West,—and who is sufficiently adaptable to absorb western methods and improvise new ones on his own account. Such a man would soon become independent and even wealthy.

In the Maritime Provinces and Eastern Canada where mixed farming obtains, the intending settler from the British Isles will require more capital than in the West. He will find conditions of life more in accord with those of Great Britain. He will find well ordered communities and settled conditions. He will not find that being an Englishman is a handicap, in so far as the good-will and co-operation of his native Canadian born neighbors are concerned.

There is no gainsaying the fact that we have more than one type of Englishman in Canada whose habits and general attitude render him unpopular and create a prejudice against other Englishmen, who, on their personal merits, are entirely unobjectionable. There is the stoop-shoulder, "weedy," cigarette-saturated, down-at-the-heel, shifty-eyed Cockney, who congregates in the cities and swells every out-of-work band. He slouches along through the streets; he loafs on the street corners, eyeing the passers-by furtively. He may not be criminal, but his looks belie him. No one in Canada wants an employee suggesting a pronounced type of degeneracy. And almost as objectionable, from a practical viewpoint, is another type, of apparent education and some pretensions in general knowledge, who is incurably and irritatingly invidious. He quotes the methods in vogue at Home; he refuses to follow any other way without protest. This type is not isolated. A sprinkling of him in an office district, I venture to say, will create a prejudice that spreads and grows, until (as now) it becomes unreasoning and indiscriminate in its application to Englishmen generally. This "Cocksure Briton" is a bad "advance agent" for his fellows.

Both of these objectionable types affect the towns and cities. Here are the centres of formation of public opinion, and here are the newspapers which voice it. The people of Canada are busy people, and, in all cases, do not have time to discriminate. This is unfortunate, for I believe British immigration, all handicaps included, is by long odds the most desirable. But, meantime, the shiftless and "cocksure" and "know-it-all" Englishman might to advantage be kept where he belongs. Then there would be a chance that the existing prejudice might disappear. Meantime it exists, as I have stated.

But, after all, the strong individuality of your real sturdy Englishman, who, knowing Canada's opportunities, determines to come here, will triumph. We have this kind in thousands upon thousands. If, when he landed he met rebuffs and was misunderstood, he did not give up in disgust. He did not go home and write to the papers. He "stayed with the job."

And his stay has been profitable and his prosperity marked and merited.

CANADIAN BUSINESS MAN.

Concerning Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science.

Editor Saturday Night: Probably the best way to reply to the echo of the recent charges made by Mrs. Delia M. Gilbert, of New York, against Mrs. Eddy which appeared in the columns of your New York correspondence on June 19, is to quote from the answer to these charges which has been officially made by Mr. Alfred Farlow, publication committee for the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston. Mr. Farlow said, in part:

"Mrs. Delia M. Gilbert's statement is but a reiteration of the oft-repeated and oft-refuted claim that Mary Baker Eddy is no longer the head of the Christian Science Church. In fact Mrs. Eddy has never relinquished the active supervision of the Christian Science movement. She is in good health and mentally alert. Only two weeks ago she directed a change in one of the by-laws of the Mother Church, regulating the government of branch churches."

The reference in the concluding paragraph of your correspondent's report to "the mental and spiritual servility of the cult" is simply another of the false and unfounded statements which appear from time to time in the press, and for which there appears to be little excuse, in view of the fact that the truth may be so easily ascertained. If there is one thing that Mrs. Eddy has consistently enjoined upon students of Christian Science it is that they should, at all times, follow Principle or God, and not personality, and this teaching pervades all of her writings, as those who care to investigate, may learn. She has also expressly counselled students to "follow your Leader only so far as she follows Christ" (Message to the Mother Church, June, 1901). Where is "the mental and spiritual servility" indicated in this? Could refutation of this charge be more explicit?

What good purpose is to be gained by publishing articles which have no higher object than to hold up to scorn and derision a kind, gentle, pure-minded, inoffensive lady whose whole life has been devoted to the service of humanity with singularly successful results, who has been the means of bringing happiness to unnumbered thousands all over the civilized globe after everything else had failed them, who asks no one to subscribe to her views, and who has set an excellent example to the whole world not only of doing to others as she would be done by, but also, of strictly minding her own business?

Sincerely yours,

J. M. JACKSON.

Our Proposed Navy.

THIS is what that careful, conservative American weekly, The Argonaut, of San Francisco, thinks about the proposal to establish a Canadian navy:

Nobody will have the right to complain if Canada shall enter upon a project of navy building. We have set a bad example, and it is perhaps not unnatural that our nearest neighbor should imitate it. The movement is certain to be encouraged in England, to whom a Canadian fleet would be a distinct addition at the point of sea power without by any possibility attaining a development tending to make the mother country uneasy. The United States and Canada have lived now side by side for 135 years—a century and a third—and only on one occasion has there been any need of a navy on either side. And even then it was a stupid business, wholly unnecessary, and wholly fruitless as connected with ultimate effects. The history of our relations with Canada affords a fine example of the possibilities of amicable neighborship between great communities, and it would indeed be a pity if we should spoil the picture by a policy at once unnecessary and reactionary. Still, since there is no law preventing a nation more than an individual from making a fool of itself, Canada may go ahead with her navy. And we are hardly in a position to speak the mind of plain common sense with respect to this enterprise without violation of one of the first principles of good manners.

In the west cloister of Westminster Abbey, in the oldest part of the building, imbedded in the pavement is a slab of marble marking the grave of John Broughton, who was a verger in the Abbey for more than thirty years, and before he obtained the situation was the champion prize-fighter of Great Britain, holding the belt for more than twelve years. The guides who show people around the Abbey say that when he was buried in the cloister some of his admirers wanted to immortalize him with an appropriate epitaph, and they indicate a blank space under his name which was left for the inscription, "For twelve years champion prize-fighter of England," but it was prohibited.

On orders from his father, the Maharajah of Baroda, India, the seventeen-year-old son, Jaisnt Gackwar, who is a student at Harvard, must return home June 26. He had intended to remain in this country for several years. The father is one of the richest rulers in the world, the family jewels alone being valued at $75,000,000, most of them inherited.

A scientist says that Mars will be communicated with by means of large mirrors. Evidently going to attract the Martian women's attention first, thinks The Detroit Free Press.

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TO CONTRACTORS

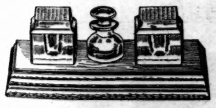
SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tenders for Concrete Foundation Work," addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this department until noon on Monday, the 5th July, 1909, for the concrete foundation work required in connection with the extensions to the Ontario Government Buildings, Queen's Park. Plans and specifications may be seen at the offices of Geo. W. Gouinlock, Architect, 1108 Temple Building, Toronto.

An accepted cheque, payable to the order of Honorable J. O. Reaume, Minister of Public Works, for five per cent. of the amount of the tender, and the bona-fide signatures and addresses of two sureties, or the name of a guarantee company, approved of by this Department, must accompany each tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
H. F. McNAUGHTEN.
Secretary Public Works.
Department of Public Works, Ontario,
Toronto, 21st June, 1909.

(Newspapers publishing this advertisement without authority will not be paid for it.)



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CITY TICKET OFFICES—Ground Floor of Traders Bank Building, and A. F. Webster's, Telephone M. 6086.
BOOK TICKETS ON SALE at City Ticket Office, Traders Bank Building. 26tf

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO **MONTREAL**

MONTREAL, June 29, 1909.

AFTER a long and anxious wait we are at last beginning to hear something of the early, inside history of that wonder-mine, Crown Reserve. For months, threats against names in high authority have been breathed by former associates and the main action may now begin at any moment. Meantime, the action of Parker vs. Carson and the company, have given us something to dream over. In reality, public interest has been wrought up to an unusual pitch by threats and counter threats and, more than anything else, by the romantic history of Crown Reserve. According to all the polite rules of mining it should have proved a failure—but it did not. Every one has been in positions which looked a good deal better than Crown Reserve did a few years ago and which, yet, went badly wrong, while Crown Reserve, favored of the gods, turned out to be one of the most brilliant strikes in the history of mining. The man in the street will tell you how he was offered Crown Reserve stock at 10c. per share. So-and-so begged him to buy and he almost did—but he didn't. If he had, he would have been worth all kinds of money to-day. Visions of automobiles and all that sort of thing fairly jolt him as he thinks of it, all forgetful of the strong probability that he would have sold out at 15c. and considered himself a lucky man to get that much. He has a fine contempt for reminders of that nature, when weaving his little romance. His mind constantly reverts to that one short moment when he stood on the threshold of wealth and could have touched King Midas and been turned into gold. "Just as easy as that," he tells you as he puts out his finger and thumps you in the chest.

***

Let Go a Fortune—If he, an outsider, loses himself in sadness as he contemplates his lost opportunity, what must be the feelings of those who actually had the stock—"trunks full of it"—and let it go? According to the evidence of Col. Carson, president of the company, in examination in the case referred to, Mr. A. G. F. Ross had his hands on 55,000 shares which, presumably, he let go. The stock was delivered to him and he paid for it by two notes for $5,500. That means 10c. per, does it not? and they are worth $3.50 per, to-day, or $192,500 for the lot. The Colonel goes on to say that the notes were never paid. The company only realized $500 on them and was lucky to get that much, he considered. In this connection, hear what Mr. J. Cooper, sec'y.treas. of the company, has to say. He gave evidence that the debt, being notes with collateral, was declared to be uncollectible and was later sold to Col. Carson for $500. That's what the published report said, anyway. I have been trying to figure out what became of that stock, but nothing very definite has appeared upon that point, so far as I can see. The sec'y.-treas. could not recollect the date of the transfer to Col. Carson, but whether that remark had reference to the transfer of the stock or the securities he said the Colonel had purchased, I have no more knowledge than you. Mr. Cooper's further evidence that a mortgage on certain property belonging to Mrs. Ross was held by the company but never collected on, would make it seem that the security was not referred to. Then did Mr. Ross make over the transaction to the Colonel, the latter getting the stock, in whole or in part? If in part, it would be interesting to know what part; if in whole, we have 55,000 shares for $500, presumably, less than a cent per share? Well, it ought to be worth that, one would think.

HENRY H. ROGERS, JR.,
Who will manage the many millions left by his father, the late H. H. Rogers.

***

Mr. Ross Took Action.

The legal action has nothing to do with what became of the 55,000 shares of stock,, and reference is only made to it here because it is an interesting point to investors. From the evidence of Col. Carson on this point, it would seem that if he got any stock back from Mr. Ross it could only have been a portion of it, for he says that Mr. Ross had oversold his holdings and by buying the stock was able to make deliveries. He made the settlement with Mr. Ross himself, and so far as the company was concerned no other motive prompted them. Mr. Ross took personal action against Col. Carson and the latter returned to him the two notes and cancelled the mortgage made in favor of the company on his wife's house. Just what some of the above means, I leave to you to say. It is taken from the published account which, if it lacks definiteness on some points, is exceedingly interesting and instructive on the whole.

***

Short of Money

Leaving aside all questions of doubt regarding the cost of stock to different people, it is a certainty that Crown Reserve was not worth $3.50 per share those days. In fact, the fortunes of the company were at a very low ebb. It did not even have enough money to pay its employees. At the end of 1907, it paid one employee, S. P. Madden, 10,000 shares for his services. Witness did not say at what price the employees took the stock in, but from the fact that so many shares were issued in this case, and also from the statement that Mr. Madden's salary was small, the price per share could not have been very high—perhaps 10c. All must hope that that employee held unto his stock—it's worth just $35,000 to-day. Other salaries were paid in like manner. One thousand shares went to J. Roche and 20,000 to Mr. Cohen, the mine superintendent. Later 10,000 more went to Mr. Cohen and a similar amount enriched him last April, this latter payment being apparently made in accordance with a previous agreement. It is also interesting to note that in March 1908, the shareholders were offered the stock at 10c., and what they were entitled to but didn't take the office staff subscribed to.

***

Where Shares Went.—All the shares mentioned were taken out of the 569,950 shares regarding the disposition of which the trouble is being raised. The original syndicate received 1,995,000 shares for the property. Out of this quantity 569,950 shares were placed in the hands of trustees, for the directors, for the purpose of providing working capital. The deed of transfer was dated Jan. 15, 1907, and the first trustees were Messrs. C. E. Potter and A. G. F. Ross, these being later on succeeded by Colonel Carson and J. Cooper. Out of this stock, a total of 338,807 shares were distributed among the public, leaving 231,143 still in the hands of the trustees. It is to compel the return to the syndicate of this latter block of stock still remaining, that the present action is being taken. The trustees, as well as others of the original syndicate which contributed the shares, are against its redistribution. Colonel Carson gave evidence that he considered that they could, according to the terms of the trust, only be sold if required for development purposes. Meantime, they must remain in trust and draw no dividends, and the original syndicate has nothing at all to do with them.

***

A LETTER FROM MR. DAVID RUSSELL.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is pleased to accept and publis Mr. Russell's statement as below. Mr. Russell is evidently of the opinion that the article published on this page on June 19, to which he refers in his letter, was instigated and printed with some ulterior motive. As a matter of fact nothing can be further from the truth, for neither the writer of the article nor any of his friends, so far as I am aware, have ever had directly or indirectly, any business dealings with Mr. Russell, of Montreal, and therefore the writer of the article as well as TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, would be the last in the world to knowingly do him any harm. I am strongly of the opinion that Mr. Russell is barking up the wrong tree. He has imagined an enemy where none existed, and has attributed motives which live only in his own fancy.

THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of the TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT:

Sir,—In your issue of the 19th instant, I notice a paragraph in your columns relating to myself, and I will be glad if at any time you are publishing anything concerning me you will state facts, as this article does not bear the slightest foundation of truth.

Firstly—The author of this base article refers to me as an "erstwhile financial giant." Had he left out the word "erstwhile" I may then say he speaks from knowledge, as I saved a friend of his from financial ruin and committing suicide in my office at the Windsor Hotel.

Secondly—He refers to my horses being sold. The horses in question were given away by me to friends as presents, as my time was so occupied with business that I had no time to drive them.

Thirdly—He refers to my doing away with the services of one of my clerks. The letter that I handed this particular clerk at the time of his dismissal, early in January, explains what he was discharged for fully.

Fourthly—He refers to gorgeous apartments that he says I had at the Turkish Bath and disposed of. I never had any apartments at the Turkish Bath, but had a room there which I furnished and leased for a year, and when the lease expired I gave it up, as I had no further use for it as I am living at my apartments at the Bellevue where my home has been for the past several years.

Fifthly—He refers to my going to and from my offices by the ladies' entrance. For the past fourteen years I have had my suite of offices in the Windsor Hotel alongside of the ladies' entrance, and have always gone in and out by that entrance.

I am alive to the fact that I have in Montreal a "moody and mute" enemy whose guns I have spiked, and who has not the manhood when he wishes to attack me to come out under his own signature, but finds a snake-in-the-grass way of getting articles in papers at a distance endeavoring to give the public a wrong impression.

If the author of this article that appeared in your issue of the 19th instant got himself busy in endeavoring to secure for himself a first-class position (as he has some ability), it would, no doubt, yield him a decent salary. Instead of being as he now is, a figure-head, he would then probably be able to afford to smoke the same brand of cigars that he mentions that I am in the habit of smoking.

If at any time there is any other information this busy creature would like to know about my business, if he will be a man and come out under his own signature, it will give me the greatest pleasure to reply to him, and probably he will have an opportunity of making the startling discovery that he has woke up the wrong passenger.

Thanking you for your valuable space, I am,
Yours truly, DAVID RUSSELL.

TORONTO, JUNE 30.

SECURITY markets have re-acted some from the high prices of a fortnight ago. This movement may be considered a natural one, and it will strengthen the technical position of the market. There are no evidences of diminishing confidence in the industrial or agricultural outlook, but sentiment, if anything, is becoming more optimistic. These periods of liquidation will be followed by still higher prices for securities, so long as agricultural

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

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DIVIDEND NO. 76.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Eleven Per Cent. (11 per cent.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st July, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after the 2nd day of August next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st July, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., June 16th, 1909.

By Royal Warrant

to His Majesty the King

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SELECTED BRUT

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His Majesty The German Emperor.
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And it's the quality that is the special charm about Bredin's Home-Made Loaf. There's no bread better liked, or that receives more praise. Why? Because the greatest care is taken in its production. It is baked in Canada's largest bakeshops.

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conditions continue as bright and money as abundant and cheap as it is. It is gratifying to see the stand taken by some of Britain's leading financial papers with regard to loans made to the Dominion and other countries. While large amounts of money are required and lent for the development of our resources, the return on such investments are not limited to the annual interest paid by the borrowers. The British people, as is well known, have the capital, and are the largest lenders in the world to foreigners and to the colonies. "A most important fact," one writer says, "about the investment of British capital abroad, was the purchasing power which it gave to foreign countries and the colonies in the British markets. If these investments were stopped, British exports would be reduced by one-fourth." The large amounts of capital which Great Britain is now supplying to other lands will insure greatly increased incomes to her own people of all ranks and classes, will widen the Indian, colonial and foreign markets for the goods she manufacturers, and will provide her dense and constantly growing population with plentiful supplies of foodstuffs and of raw material.

The statement is made that the British people have £2,700,000,000 invested in foreign countries, and it is estimated that before the close of the present year the total will exceed £3,000,000,000. The annual interest on this immense sum is, at least, $600,000,000, most of which Great Britain receives in the shape of foodstuffs and raw material. This huge annual sum is practically interest on foreign investments. Yet we sometimes read in generally well-informed newspapers that Britain is gradually decaying and going to the dogs because her imports are so large as compared with her exports. On the other hand, the reports of the United States exceed her imports by many millions, and yet in years when her exports of produce are the largest, she is an exporter of gold. Why? Because she has borrowed so much money abroad, and a large proportion of her exports merely represents interest being paid on her borrowings. Britain is about the only creditor nation. She borrows no capital, and her debt is held in her own country.

***

C.P.R.

The gross earnings of Canadian Pacific promise to be the largest on record for the fiscal year just ended. For 51 weeks ended June 21st, they reached $73,653,000, and they will probably total about $76,000,000 by the end of the month. Last year the aggregate earnings were $71,300,000 and the previous year $72,217,000. This is a brilliant record for the road, and is the best proof one could give of the increasing trade of the west. Sir William Van Horne has made a nmuber of predictions, some of which took a long time to materialize, but they invariably did. He again puts himself on record. He has lately expressed the opinion that he will live to see the stock of the C. P.R., or its equivalent, sell at $500 a share. This may seem to be an extraordinary prediction, but taking into consideration the remarkable growth of the Dominion, particularly throughout the wheat fields of the Northwest, and the large increase in the valuation of lands owned by the company, Sir William's prophecy is not so wild. He believes the C.P.R. to be the greatest railway in the world. Every dollar of income in connection with operations of the property goes directly into the treasury of the C.P.R. Company, not only railway and freight earnings, but earnings from express, telegraph, meals, sleeping cars, hotels, steamships, etc. The C.P.R. takes a passenger to Liverpool, carries him across the Atlantic, then across the American continent, and then across the Pacific to Japan, and it gets every dollar of earnings from that passenger while en route. The C. P.R. can give free transportation on its railroad and make $50 per passenger through such liberality because such passenger has to pay for sleeping car fares and meals, whereas a railroad in the United States giving a pass, would not make a dollar, for the sleeping car accommodations would go to the Pullman Co., and in many instances the dining car receipts go to outside contractors, to say nothing of the express and telegraph charges which would also go to outside corporations.

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Loan Companies.

The loan companies of Ontario have done an exceedingly large business the past year or two, so that a number of them increased their dividends. The capital of such companies is chiefly Scotch, and the report lately issued shows that the debentures sold by these institutions and payable outside Canada totalled $42,702,566, which is $4,236,289 greater than that reported at the close of 1907. During 1907 the increase was $2,500,000 more than at the end of 1906, thus making a growth of $6,750,000 in the two years. On the other hand, during the past three years there has not been a continuance of previous growth in the amount of Canadian capital seeking investment through the medium of the loan companies. It is noted that ten or twelve years ago, only about one-tenth of the money borrowed on debentures was obtained in Canada; by 1905 this had increased to over one-third, and still remains at over three-tenths. So that the East in this respect is taking a proportionately larger part in developing newer territory than was the case a decade ago.

***

Money Rates

Local money conditions have not changed much. There may be a little more diffidence on the part of bankers in making call loans owing to the approach of the harvest period, but more accommodation is afforded merchants and manufacturers. There is no doubt as to the ability of the banks being able to finance the crops this season, even in case of record crops, which are quite possible. Money is quoted here on securities at 4 and 4½ per cent., but the demand is not active in consequence of apathetic markets. The dog days and holidays are on. The payments of $10,000,000 in interest and dividends in July in Toronto and Montreal will result in some investment buying of stocks, but while the market is likely to be firm, no speculative mania seems probable for some little time to come. Money in New York has been exceptionally easy of late in spite of preparations for unusually heavy disbursements in July. The Bank of England has strengthened its reserve, which now amounts to over £40,000,000, and the percentage of reserve to liability is greater than for some time past. A reduction in the official Bank rate soon would not be surprising.

Lord Lister, of England, the famous surgeon, who forty years ago first announced to the world his marvelous antiseptic treatment, which has saved the lives of hosts of patients, lately celebrated the eighty-second anniversary of his birthday, and received congratulations from all parts of the world. He has had many honors conferred upon him, and was appointed surgeon to the king in 1901. He is a Quaker, as were his parents before him.

Guests With Good Appetites.

TWO exceedingly good looking and well dressed women who were guests at a garden party given in Toronto this June, have, so far, not been mentioned in any of the society columns as "among those present." With many distinguished writers they were invited to the garden party given by the Canadian Women's Press Club to the authors and journalists attending the International Congress of Women, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, of St. Margaret's College, kindly lending their grounds for the occasion.

Coming down from the Rosedale home of one of the ladies, they got off the car at Jarvis street and were soon in the midst of festivities. Ices, cakes, etc., were offered them, and finding themselves completely let alone by the other guests, they consumed as much time and comestibles as possible, hoping that in the due course of time they would be sought out and introduced.

After half an hour of icy isolation a horrible fear seized them that perhaps they were neither known nor expected. Inquiry proved this to be correct. They had drifted into the closing celebration of a neighboring school from where they raced as though pursued by an avenger, quoting as they fled:

"There was a young man so benighted,
He didn't know when he was slighted.
He'd go to a party and eat just as hearty
As if he'd been really invited."

Winnipeg's Heterogenous Population.

IF anyone has any doubt that every language under the sun is spoken in Winnipeg and that the western capital has the most heterogenous population of any city in Canada, all he has to do is to take a glance through the city directory. Vowels seem particularly distasteful to the foreigners of Winnipeg. The k's form one long series of jaw-breaking names. Here is a sample: Kon Krzyzsinornski. For exercise try pronouncing this name: Mike Kyrszcznk. It is when the z's are reached that a page of the directory looks like a jumble of all the hard-sounding consonants of the alphabet. Here are four or five as they appear one after the other in the directory: Zavvodoffski, Zawerszenink, Zawidoski, Zawogowsk, Zazangts, Zborowski.

Rev. Hamilton Wigle, pastor of Zion Methodist Church, Winnipeg, ran into a Welsh name recently which he thinks is just about a record breaker. A couple came to the parsonage to be married. The groom was Walter John Huntingford, of Elstow, Sask.

"Where is your place of births?" asked Mr. Wigle.

The groom rattled off a name which fairly knocked the parson over.

Finally he got him to write it down and here is what appeared:

Llanfairpivothgwyrgyphgogerythwyrndroblellandisniogogogoch.

There are just 59 letters in the name.

J. J. Hill and the Red River Route.

THE arrival of the first steamer from American territory at Winnipeg for twenty-nine years this week, has revived memories of the old-timers of the pioneer day in the West, when the Red river was the sole method of transportation between Winnipeg and the outside world. It is interesting to note that the captain, Sylvestre Petro, of the steamer Grand Forks, which arrived this week, was the commander of the last steamer which sailed between Grand Forks and Winnipeg in 1879.

The trip was taken with a view of discovering whether the Red river is still navigable and whether it would be a good business proposition to place a line of steamers thereon. The trip was highly successful, and as a result steamers will start running immediately from Grand Forks to Winnipeg. When the St. Andrews locks, north of Winnipeg, on the Red are completed the boats will be able to run from Grand Forks clear to the head of Lake Winnipeg.

In the halcyon days before the advent of the C.P.R., the arrival of the steamboat from the south was a great event in little old Fort Garry. As for the day when the first steamer arrived in the spring after a six months' silence for the little frontier town, the whole population turned out and there was a celebration and carousing.

It was in the steamboat business along the Red river that Jim Hill, the railway magnate made the foundation of his fortune. He was a frequent visitor at Winnipeg; in fact made Winnipeg his headquarters for two years. Winnipeg old-timers can tell many tales of Jim Hill.

Some three years ago Hill made his first visit to Winnipeg since he left twenty-five years before. It was perfectly astonishing how he remembered the old friends and events of the early days. He said that things which had transpired twenty-five years ago were more firmly impressed on his memory than events of a few years previous. An interesting incident which took place at the Manitoba Club at that time illustrate this. An old Frenchman who said he knew Hill came to the club and asked to see the magnate. Hill had him ushered in and remembered the Frenchman well. They spent several minutes chatting and laughing about the old days.

"You sold me a horse once," said Hill suddenly.

"Oui," added the old man.

"An old grey mare and its name was Marie."

"Oui, oui," responded the Frenchman.

"It developed a spavin, too, later on," said Hill; and the Frenchman's answer was lost amidst the roars of laughter of those present.

As Seen by a Reporter.

SIR HUGH GRAHAM, the proprietor of the Montreal Daily Star, is one of the newspaper-owners who have occupied much space of late in London, England,—and the cable reports. Sir Hugh has been especially prominent, and has been quoted very largely for after-dinner sentiments which do honor to his convictions as a proprietor and a patriot. Incidentally he has been given an honorary LL.D., by Glasgow University. But there are motes in these beams of fame, and one which must have seemed particularly large-sized to Sir Hugh was a description of himself by a London newspaper writer. The owner of the Star, by the way, is a particularly spruce and dapper man of about fifty or little over. He is as active and energetic as a boy and is generally effervescent with vitality. In a word he is one of these men who look less than their years and feel younger still—and rather like it to be generally recognized. Judge then of the pleasure with which he must have heard himself described as "the white-haired veteran of seventy, still alert and active!"

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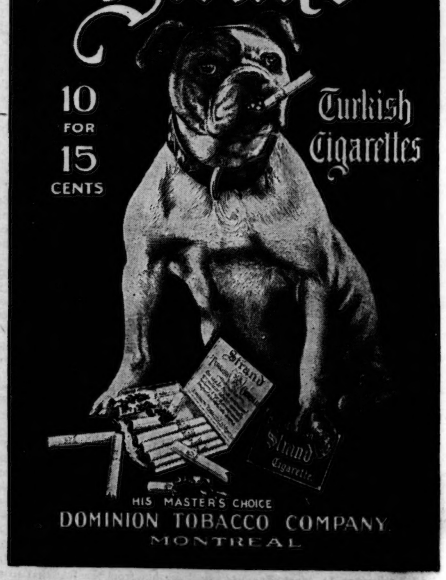

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The Indian and Education.

By F. Onondyoh Left (Mohawk).

IN the public reports of Canada relative to the Indians, for 1908, I gather the following statistics: The population is 110,000. There are 286 day schools, of which only 30 are designated as being undenominational. In such undenominational schools, half of the cost of their maintenance, and in cases more than half, is charged to the tribe using them. Others again, such as the Six Nations of Tuscarora and Mohawks of Deseronto, practically pay the whole of the cost. There are 57 boarding schools and 22 industrial schools that are principally located in Western Canada. These schools represent an enrollment of 10,308 pupils, with an average attendance of 6,451. The total appropriation of Parliament for the use of the three classified schools aggregates $477,825, or a per capita outlay on the basis of attendance of $74.00. This rate will be lessened materially when the amount is taken into account, that is, charged upon the Indian trust funds, in supporting the day schools, upon the same basis, the per capita cost of the education of the Indians in the United States is $154.00. These figures are significant in demonstrating—without the necessity of dealing with it more minutely—that the outlay between the two countries in this respect is vastly different. Canada, with an Indian population of 100,000, votes as a grant for education, $477,925, while the United States Congress votes $4,000,000 for 207,000 Indians, not including the five civilized tribes of Oklahoma, who comprise 91,000.

Another striking contrast is that out of 22 industrial schools in Canada, only two are designated as purely government institutions. In the States there are 25 of the Carlisle order.

The curriculum of instruction in our mission and industrial schools includes reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, history, etc., ordinarily taught in a public school. As for the various trades that are supposed to be taught in them, I am convinced, from what I have observed myself, a pupil would be many years becoming a full fledged tradesman. It is not a surprise to me to observe in these reports that it is not usual to find these boys following trades taught them, upon leaving school. The first error is that many of them are forced to take up trades for which they have no inclination. The Indian child will develop tendencies an inclination for some line of industry when sufficiently developed, physically and mentally, as other children are. By scientific works to-day we are advised not to choose too early the vocations of our children, but to wait until they are able to show their inclinations.

During a portion of the week the boys do ordinary farm work, and the girls are assigned various kinds of domestic work. All this in reality is but a degree above what any child might learn to do in most of Indian homes in Eastern Canada, where farming is very generally followed by our advanced tribes. Even the most illiterate parents are adapting themselves to this vocation as a means of subsistence.

To the average parent the boarding schools have been looked upon as a substantial stepping stone towards education higher than that provided in the day schools. There has been accordingly a substantial disposition to send the children there for tuition. Some of these schools, I understand, will now prepare a child for the entrance examination; but seldom does a child stay long enough to reach this point. The boys especially will either run away from school or the parents will not allow them to return after becoming acquainted with conditions there. In order to strengthen my contention that the children are not sufficiently fed—thereby hastening the early decay of the lives of those naturally subject to phthysis and other diseases—I submit the following extracts from the last report (1908) of the principal of the boarding school at Albany, James Bay, in far Ontario:

Health and Sanitation.—The health of the pupils, as a rule, is very good, although, occasionally, there are some cases of sickness amongst them. Consumption and scrofula are the two prevalent diseases. Some have been affected by scurvy. Before coming to school, the rule of their lives was to have no rule, sometimes starving, sometimes overeating, always enjoying as much liberty as the birds of the forest. Confinement and a regular manner of living seems to be a heavy burden on their frail constitution. Another cause may be the diet. It is impossible to feed them on fresh fish and fresh meat all the time. Nowadays, the hunters themselves, living in the bush, rely almost entirely on flour for their living, so scarce has the game become in the country, especially during the long winter season. The house in which the pupils live is a three-storey building, basement included, measuring 65 x 35 feet. There is plenty of light, and fresh air is abundant. In the school-room and dormitory, ventilators are in good working order.

Recreation.—The girls are allowed outside, once each day, for half an hour or more. They spend the rest of their recreation in sewing, cooking or in some other manual labor. The boys go outside four times a day. The morning and noon recreations are spent in carrying wood and water, or in sawing fire-wood. After the morning and evening class, they spend their recreation in playing football, of which they are very fond. On Thursday afternoons there is no class; they have a four or five mile walk in winter, while during the open water season they do some canoeing, which is quite a treat to them. Some form of manual labor is given the pupils each day; this is done in order to bring them up in the habits of industry.

A summary of these reports from all parts of Canada are notable for their sameness from year to year and conspicuous for their want of suggestions and outspokenness. Perchance the principals may have learned discretion to be the better part of valor—a too common thing in the public service. And it may be the appeals do not find sympathy at the fountain head. I am not disposed to criticize unreasonably the officials of the schools, for I believe they are doing their best under adverse circumstances in the remoter parts. In localities where the conditions are most favorable, producing everything desirable by the aid of the pupils, there can be no possible excuse for children to complain of hunger. The situation is aggravated by the fact that whatever may be the fare of the poor Indian children, there is no stint in the abundance and quality that find place at the tables of the officials.

The position is plain. I could say and reveal perhaps very unpleasant things about these class of schools that have gained widespread currency among the tribes, and much to their injury by retarding the attendance. These schools have been fostered and aided by the Government to the disadvantage of day schools of an up-to-date kind. They have had their day, and are found to be defective. There is no doubt they have done some good, but henceforward they should be tolerated only as a survival and allowed to disintegrate by degrees.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Indians do not aim for advanced education. I will take the Six Nations of Tuscarora as an example. Within the last eight years, the maintenance of the day schools on the Reserve became a responsibility of the people and the Board. When under the management of the New England Company for years prior to this time, the majority of the teachers were Indians, not qualified according to the Ontario Act. The first important improvement of the schools was the changing of the teaching staff. Duly qualified teachers were engaged at salaries commonly paid to teachers in rural public schools. The next step was to adopt the Ontario curriculum. This change, however, was not effected without difficulty. The idea met with outside opposition. This developed so strongly as to force the Six Nations to appeal to the Synod of Huron for assistance. In time, the permission was granted and the people of the Reserve are enjoying the fruits of their strenuous fight for the establishment of an up-to-date system. As a result of these changes, I note in the annual returns for 1908, that there are four students from the Reserve schools attending the high schools near the Reservation. This is a most healthful indication. Such a thing was never heard of before.

Another favorable indication of the desire of the Six Nations to facilitate the cause of higher education among their children, is the disposition to aid financially those who may ask for assistance sufficient to put them through for a profession. The advance to such student is made as a loan from the trust funds of the nation. In this way some of our boys in the past have made good their ambitions to be more than hewers of wood and carriers of water.

The spirit of improvement of the school system is not confined to the Six Nations; it will be found among all Indian communities sufficiently advanced to know that the boarding school will not do for them much longer. Give the Indian a little more latitude beyond feeling he is an infant, subject to the orders of petty and crude officialdom at Ottawa, and he will show you what he is capable of doing. To give an idea of the way day schools are meagrely encouraged in this day of their recognized usefulness, I may point out the Six Nations day schools number thirteen in the township, and yet it will be found that the annual grant of the Dominion Government amounts to the paltry sum of $450. The whole school system is treated in the same way; hence the humdrum monotony prevailing in this branch of the national service.

Lord and Lady Roberts.

IN all the trials and dangers of his life, Lady Roberts has been her husband's unflinching companion (says The London Chronicle), and the spirit in which she entered into his career is shown by an incident which his lordship has recorded in the book of his life, "Forty-one Years in India." He had hoped to be sent to China in 1860, when the British and French were fighting the Chinese, but Lord Clyde thought it would be somewhat cruel to send a newly-married young officer on a dangerous expedition on which his bride could not accompany him.

At a dinner, Lord Clyde remarked to Mrs. Roberts that he thought he had earned her gratitude by not sending her husband with the China expedition, "for, I suppose," he said, "you would rather not be left in a foreign country a few months after your marriage," and he added: "If Roberts had not been a newly-married man I would have sent him."

To this the lady made the spirited reply: "I am afraid I cannot be very grateful to you for making my husband feel that I am ruining his career by standing in the way of his being sent on service."

"Well," replied the astonished Lord Clyde, "I'm hanged if I can understand you women. I have done the very thing I thought you would like and have only succeeded in making you angry."

A Spiteful Story.

UP at the International Council of Women they are telling this joke at the expense of the Countess of Aberdeen which, it is needless to say, is merely the invention of some witty woman who wanted a change in the executive. The story is that the physician to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who is travelling with her in America, went to the Earl of Aberdeen before her visit to Canada was embarked upon, and said:

"Her Ladyship's health is not of the best. Don't you think that the Canadian climate might disagree with her?"

"Oh," the Earl is reported to have said, "It wouldn't dare!"

The invention of coinage is due to the Greeks, most probably to the bankers of Halicarnassos and adjacent Asia Minor Creek colonies, who, toward the end of the Eighth Century, B.C., began stamping the small gold and electron ingots which passed through their hands as currency with a mark of some sort, intended to guarantee the weight and purity of the metal. Such ingots very soon assumed a round and more regular shape, which we find already in the older silver coins from Egina, nearly contemporary with the Asia Minor "beans."

The Italian government has refused to pension the surviving soldiers who fought under Garibaldi, ten thousand of whom still survive.

One man in every twelve men in the United States is on the pay-roll of a railroad.

Heredity tells. The New York Mail reminds us that the father of the Wright boys is a sky-pilot.

There are not more than 7,000 resident Americans on the Island of Cuba, or a third of 1 per cent. of the total population.

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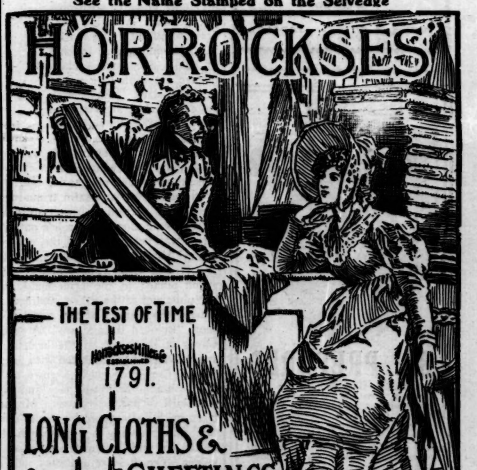

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The decorations in the various halls, especially in Convocation Hall, were extremely artistic, and the gift of a liberal and enthusiastic Toronto lady of great wealth.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

IN the Calcutta, India, paper of May 11, the following item concerning a former Torontonian will have a sad interest for her friends here who mourn her early demise in the most pathetic circumstances possible. "Mrs. Hodgson, wife of Mr. R. C. Hodgson, Executive Engineer, Darjeeling, died here last evening after a brief illness, of pleuro-pneumonia. Mrs. Hodgson leaves an infant son a fortnight old, and her death has come as a shock to her many friends. Great sympathy is felt for her husband, and her mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss Kingsmill. The garden party this afternoon, and the dinner and dance to-morrow night, at Government House have been postponed. The funeral takes place this afternoon."

Trinity Methodist church was the scene of an exceptionally pretty wedding on Saturday, June 19, at half-past two o'clock, when Marion Louise Wilson (A.T.C.M.), youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland G. Wilson, Markham street, was married to Mr. Lawrence J. Lugsdin, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Lugsdin, of Sherbourne street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. H. McBain, B.A., of Welland, the bride's cousin, assisted by Rev. Dr. Wilson. Miss Ada Twohy presided at the organ. The front of the church was banked with palms and clusters of white lilies, the guests seats being decorated with huge bunches of daisies, and a large satin bow marked the door by which the bridal party entered. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore an Empire gown of rich ivory satin duchess, with duchess lace and seed pearls, a lover's knot being embroidered on the front panel, with trimmings of embroidered roses with centres of pearls, the long train being held in place by two large roses. A wreath of tiny rosebuds caught up the bridal veil, and she carried a shower of white sweet peas and lily of the valley. Attending her sister, was Miss Mildred Wilson, in a becoming gown of shell pink liberty satin, with an overdress of silk crystalline, with lace trimmings and touches of gold. She wore a black picture hat with long velvet ties and lace caught with large jet buckle, and tiny pink rosebuds, and carried pink peonies. Miss Eileen Harston, the little flower girl, was dainty in white Marquisette over shell pink satin, pretty white hat and satin trimmings, and facing of soft lace. She carried a basket of pink sweet peas which were strewn along the bride's pathway. Dr. H. W. Anderson was best man, and the ushers were Dr. Whitney Lailey, Mr. Marshall Douglas, Mr. George T. Elder, and Mr. Arthur Gay. The groom's gift to the bride was a grand piano; to the bridesmaid and flower girl, pearl bar pins, and to the ushers and best man pearl scarf pins. During the signing of the register, Miss May Stockwell sang, "Beloved It Is Morn." A reception followed afterwards at the home of the bride's parents, in Markham street, which was decorated with palms, ferns and peonies. Mrs. Wilson received in a gown of black and white silk, with soutache braid and lace and lily of the valley toque with bird of paradise plume. Mr. and Mrs. Lugsdin left later in the afternoon for New York and Atlantic City. the bride travelling in Copenhagen blue Shantung silk and tuscan hat with lemon colored roses and touches of black velvet. On their return they will reside at 42 Walker avenue. There were present friends and relatives from the following places out of the city: Montreal, Ottawa, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Hamilton, Stratford, Walkerton, Lucknow and Woodbridge.

DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.
One of England's famous beauties and great hostesses.

Castle Frank, which grows more beautiful every year, was looking its loveliest on Monday afternoon, when its master and mistress received the Countess of Aberdeen and the delegates to the Quinquennial at a garden party. Mrs. Kemp wore a striking smart costume of black and white in broad stripe effect, her three daughters, Mrs. Waldie, Mrs. Proctor and Miss Hazel Kemp, assisting in looking after the guests. The host and hostess received in the hall, before long French doors and opening on the verandah, by which the company found the way to the wide lawn bordered by trees, and marvellously green and smooth. A marquee with the Union Jack flying was set on the lawn, and a long buffet decorated with fine red roses was loaded with all sorts of good things. D'Alesandro's orchestra played on the terrace, and the delegates strolled about admiring the scene, and the many pretty girls assisting, to whom Mrs. Scott Waldie was a gallant aide. Just before the tea was over, Lady Aberdeen, attended by her physician, Sir William Thompson, arrived, and proceeded to snapshot the party, and took a special snap of Mrs. Kemp and Miss Hazel. Her Excellency wore a grey gown with bands of Persian trimming, a plumed hat and a grey feather boa, and looked as merry and untired as if no such things as meetings and speeches were within her ken. Some of the guests at the tea were Lady and Miss Edgar, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. Hartley Dewart, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. and Miss Neville, Mrs. and Miss Eastwood, Mrs. Proctor, Dr. and Miss McMurchy, Mrs. Rundle, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. McLaughlin, the Misses Cox, Mrs. and Miss Keating, Mrs. and Miss Tyrell; Froken Krog, in a stately silver-grey satin gown and white chip hat; Froken Harisen, with a little black lace cape on her white hair; Mrs. Sylvester, in grey, with hat and small rosebuds; Mrs. May Wright Sewall, in a light gown and hat to match, with white lace veil.

Mr. Arthur Stringer, who is rusticating with his beautiful wife at his country place at Cedar Springs, Lake Erie, came to town for the day on Tuesday and gave a quaintly humorous and clever talk on Editors, at the afternoon session in Convocation Hall of the Quinquennials. It was necessary to adjourn from the smaller Hall in University building to accommodate the large crowd wishing to hear Mr. Stringer, Miss Agnes Laut and Mrs. Jessie Alexander Roberts with their talks on newspapers, and the makers thereof. Mr. Stringer read his paper, the big man and his big, musical, deliberate voice being a treat to see and hear. Miss Laut hit the nail on the head (the public and supporters of newspapers being the nail), pretty hard, and Mrs. Roberts gave valuable and thoughtful views on the newspaper business and its responsibilities. The views of a Montreal woman were admirably read by our well-known elocutionist. Mr. Stringer started his audience with a laugh, by recounting how his wife received the news that he was going to tell "what he thought about editors." "But Arthur!" said the startled Jobyna, "there will be ladies present!" Mr. Stringer returned home on Tuesday night.

The Island Aquatic Association dances are going on on Fridays at the Clubhouse, Long Pond.

On Tuesday afternoon, a particularly lovely day, Mrs. T. M. Harris entertained Her Excellency Countess Grey, and the officers and delegates to the Woman Council Quinquennial meeting, at the Lambton Golf Club, where a large crowd responded to the invitation of this big-hearted hostess, arriving by train, motor, taxi or carriage, and numbers taking the street cars and the short walk through the woods. Countess Grey arrived about half-past five, and took tea with Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Braithwaite, and one or two others at a tiny table reserved for her in the new dining-room where the view from the big windows is extra fine. All about surged the crowd of ladies, swarming through the dining-room, out upon the balconies and the various cosy recesses of the beautiful club house where flowers were mingled with huge ferns on the hearth where the fire glows so cheerily in cooler weather, and all was summer bloom; summer girls in dainty frocks, and summer air, free from dust and city smoke. The exquisite scene evoked words of admiration from our foreign and English guests, who certainly have seen our city and suburbs at their very best. Mrs. Harris had all the most charming girls in town assisting in the two tea-rooms, and many a compliment they did not understand, was laid at their small feet by women who were delighted with their graceful and watchful ministrations. Half a dozen mere men honored this big function, Sir William Mulock, Mr. Austin, of Spadina; Dr. Hamish, of Vienna, among them. A few of the guests were Lady Mulock, Lady Edgar, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. W. Davidson, Mrs. Alexander Davidson, Miss Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Ralph Kings, Mrs. Cowan, Miss Michie, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Austin, of Spadina; Miss Paul, Mrs. and Miss Kay, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. and Miss Johnstone, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Miss Ina Matthews, Mrs. W. C. and the Misses Matthews, Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Miss Curlette, Mrs. Winnett, Mrs. Dignam, Miss Mary Davidson, Mrs. Palmer, of Huntley Lodge; Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth; Mrs. Strachan Johnson, Mrs. R. Darling, Mrs. Andrew Darling, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. and Miss Mary Clark, Hon. Mrs. Franklin, Miss McMillan, Mrs. Willie Edgar, Froken Gad, Froken Krog, Froken Hansen, Froken Jacobson, Miss Suckling, Mrs. and Miss Muriel Jarvis, Miss Sinclair, Miss Agnes C. Laut, Dr. Tibertius, Dr. MacMurchy, the Misses MacMurchy, Madame von Pappenheim, Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Beatty, Miss Sadie American, Mrs. G. P. and Miss Hilda Reid, Miss Garrow, Madame Hainish, Mrs. Imlach, Mrs. Glassco, Miss Nordheimer, Miss Cross, Madame Nyst, Miss Scott, Mrs. McAgy, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. A. S. Irving, Mrs. Broddy, Mrs. Lapham, Mrs. Pemberton, Miss Darling, Mrs. Ingles, Mrs. and Miss McLeod, Mrs. Timothy Anglin, Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop, Miss Braithwaite, Mrs. Albert Stovel.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander had some friends for dinner at McConkey's on Monday, and enjoyed the music of the Hungarian band.

Mrs. Edward Farrar was in town for the Government House garden party on Friday. Mrs. Ahearn, of Ottawa, was also in town last week, at the Queen's. Miss Elsie Thorold came to town on a visit at midweek. Judge and Mrs. Mabee spent the week-end at Port Rowan.

The Royal Muskoka opened last Saturday and a great many charming people have engaged quarters there.

Dr. Ham sailed for a holiday in England this week. He will spend part of it punting on the Thames with his brother-in-law, Captain Knighton Chase, of the Hughti Pilot Service, Calcutta, who is home on short leave.

Dr. and Mrs. Aikins are going abroad immediately.

Miss Adele Austin is at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mr. Clifford Brown is fishing in Muskoka. Lady Aberdeen went to Detroit on Tuesday. Mrs. Frank Kenrick has returned from England.

Many hostesses, detained in town by their duties, in connection with the entertaining of Quinquennial delegates, have made a quick flight to summer resorts this week, to rest and recuperate.

Mr. Austin, of Spadina, has added another beauty to his fine home, an open screen wall of stonework shutting off the yard north of his main portal. The screen is to be curtained with pretty trailing vines later on.

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can be entrusted with your steamer orders and are enabled to deliver flowers on board all steamers leaving any port either in Canada or United States. A trial is sufficient evidence of our claim. We guarantee safe delivery anywhere.

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is the perfect food drink for children. Highly nutritious—easily digested—delicious and economical. 74

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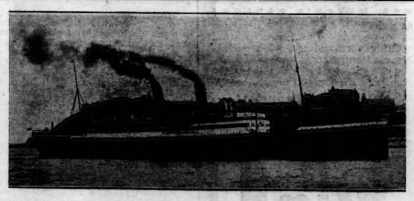

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is superior in utility, convenience, and economy to any other gas stove.

We know it is, and will undertake to prove it to your satisfaction if you will pay a visit to our showrooms and see the stoves in operation.

Come to-day and have a "Chicago Jewel" installed in your kitchen before the warm weather comes on.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Critics never tire of lamenting that we have no writers to measure up to the great of the past. But it is well to that the comforting law ation never ceases to operating the literary world as it affairs of men. Giants ship indeed are few. But ce were extinct, as some us believe, no doubt mis- he average merit of author- igher than ever, and must still higher as time passes. ar education spreads itself her; every year the num- world's readers increase, m grows keener. If there few, if any, great writers, more good writers than ore. Of course, a great many hundreds upon hundreds of which are published every most of them indeed—are stuff. For it is certain that have more good books nowadays we have more bad ones as well. But if one begins to count up the number of men and women who are writing really good novels, the result is surprising. Books of travel and biography of a high order are issued quite numerously; an astonishing number of scientific and reflective works of great value appear yearly; and at least one new literary art has been developed of late—the writing of lively personal reminiscences in an interesting, anecdotal style.

The thoughtful, experienced reader does, however, miss something in too much of our modern literature. He could get along for a while without modern masterpieces—letting the old ones suffice, and hoping for big things to come. From the piles of fiction of the day he can select books that are clever and well written and that deal purposefully with modern problems; tales with plenty of action and tales not without humor. But sometimes he has a yearning for a modern story that is mellow—and then he is inclined to agree with the critic who says that we have lost the genius for novel-writing. But a novel, like a man, may be mellow without being great; and I am optimistic enough to hope that before the present generation of readers grows old there will come a time when it will find a richer, riper quality in a much larger proportion of the fiction of the day.

ALFRED OLLIVANT,
the successful English novelist, whose story, "The Gentleman," a stirring sea tale of the time of Nelson, captivated many readers, old and young, on both sides of the Atlantic.

In this connection it would be well for all of our younger writers to observe the career of Mark Twain. The veteran humorist has made everybody laugh, but the significance of his success is found in the sort of laughter he invoked. Had he not added a certain rare quality to his fun he might have been a mere literary buffoon, but Mark was always sweet to the core, and years and misfortunes only made him sweeter and mellowed all his humor. That was the secret of his great success, and his chief literary service has been to show a generation of authors how to improve with age like good wine. A. Henderson, writing in Harper's Magazine, says:

"In recalling the various vicissitudes of his varied life the mind irresistibly reverts to that day when Mark Twain, at the age of sixty, accompanied by his wife, set forth to retrieve his fallen fortunes. When the publishing house in which he was interested, against his advice and through no fault of his own, continued a policy which led to ruin, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens discovered that even if they sacrificed all their effects they could pay the creditors only about forty cents on the dollar. But Mrs. Clemens' passion for morals manifested itself, and they agreed together that at any cost they must pay nothing less than dollar for dollar. With her courageous company, Mr. Clemens began his career a second time, settling off on a tramp abroad which has ended in 'Stormfield' and autumn peace. With obligations satisfied, business integrity magnificently maintained, and fortune made, Mr. Clemens has earned that dignified and honorable leisure for congenial work and humanitarian service it was the tragic fate of Sir Walter Scott never to realize. Nothing can disturb the even tenor of his care-free existence—not even that direst of all terrors to the man of letters, the expiration of copyright, for he has incorporated the very name of Mark Twain!"

If Mark Twain had not grown mellow with age, his work would never have taken the affectionate grip on people that it has. And perhaps not a few young writers of to-day who are grinding out poor novels will not be soured by failure, but, studying the example of America's favorite humorist, will ripen and develop, and after a while give us novels that have the mellow flavor so rare and so much desired in modern fiction.

* * *

It is said that Mark Twain has written a comic opera based upon his story, "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

* * *

Miss Esther Miller, of Orillia, Ont., who is known to the literary world as Marian Keith, author of "Duncan Polite," "The Silver Maple," and other delightful tales of Canadian rural life, will be married on July 28 to Rev. Donald C. Macgregor, pastor of the Orillia Presbyterian church. Mr. Macgregor was the colleague and is now the successor in ministerial work of the late Rev. Dr. Grant, the strong and skillful writer whose pen name, "Knoxonian," was familiar to all Canadian Presbyterians and to many others throughout the country and beyond it. In the town of Orillia and the region thereabouts—including the township of Oro, which has been the background for most of Marian Keith's charming stories—this popular writer's husband-to-be is looked upon as "a man with a future."

* * *

Arthur L. Sanborn tells this story of Victor Hugo, in the current number of The Bookman:

When his "Marion Delorme" was read before the troupe which was to present it, "the actor Lafarriere, then a young man, protested against the insignificant role assigned him, in which he would have only ten lines to recite. Hugo promptly reduced him to silence by thundering: 'Ten lines of Victor Hugo are something not to be refused—for they endure.'"

* * *

A good many people were puzzled as to the why and wherefore of the omission of certain portions of the burial service at the funeral of Swinburne. The poet's life-long friend and companion, Mr. Watts-Dunton, has written to The London Times to make the matter clear to everybody and for all time. No specific instructions, it seems, were left by the poet; but frequently he had told Mr. Watts-Dunton that he objected to certain expressions in the service. Considering it his duty, therefore, to respect Swinburne's objections, Watts-Dunton communicated with the rector at Bonchurch, "who in the most admirable way handled a complexity such as probably no clergyman ever had to confront before. He turned what might have been a ghastly failure into a beautiful ceremony by his amazing tact, delicacy, and generosity."

* * *

The story of an interesting career is told in the "Life of Major-General Sir Charles Wilson" (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York).

General Wilson, though nominally a soldier, gained his laurels in various parts of the world as a scientist and diplomat, rather than as a fighter. As a young man, he made his mark as secretary of the Joint North American Boundary Commission, which between 1858 and 1862 marked out a line of over a thousand miles in length along the 49th parallel of latitude, through the then trackless and uninhabited wilderness between the Rockies and the Coast, in order to delimit the boundary between Canada and the United States. His laborious and even dangerous experiences during these four years exhibit strongly the astounding difference fifty years has made in the West.

Later, Sir Charles was the first to make a survey of the city of Jerusalem, and he identified by scientific exploration Mount Sinai and the principal Biblical localities in Palestine. Later, he delimited the Servian boundary, and became the most famous of Britain's military consuls in Asia Minor. He founded the Topographical Department of the British War Office, and moreover was chief of the Intelligence Department of the ill-fated Nile Expedition, which arrived just too late to rescue Gordon in 1885.

The story of his life is told by a military colleague who has known him since boyhood—Col. Sir Chas. Watson, R.E.

* * *

Since the death of George Meredith many columns have been written about his work, but no one has succeeded in describing his style more exactly than did Oscar Wild when he said: "His style is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning."

* * *

Over a million copies of "David Harum" have been sold, and the demand for the story still continues, a new edition having just been published.

* * *

Mr. John Macy, who has just given up his position as associate editor of

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
It has been said of the late Dr. Edward Everett Hale by a fellow American that he "looked like a farmer, talked like a statesman, wrote like an artist, and lived like a saint. He was not supreme as orator, preacher or writer; but he was a supreme patriot."

The Youth's Companion, recently wrote to the American press denying the statement that the late Henry H. Rogers was responsible for having rescued the famous blind girl, Miss Helen Keller, some twenty-five years ago. Mr. Macy shows that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Rogers was first taken to see Miss Keller in 1896 by Mark Twain, his benefactions beginning soon thereafter. Mr. Macy's wife was formerly Miss Sullivan, Miss Keller's teacher for many years, and he ought therefore to know all the facts of the case.

* * *

William De Morgan, the author of "Alice-for-Short," "Somehow Good," etc., is still working on his new novel, "It Never Can Happen Again." His American publishers, Henry Holt & Co., announced the book for June publication, but they say now that it will not be ready for a month or two yet.

* * *

Here is one of the anecdotes concerning George Meredith which have been told since his death. The great novelist, though a brilliant conversationalist, had, of course, his silent moods, and he happened to be in one of them at a certain picnic. Next to him sat a lady, herself a good talker, who had been looking forward to this meeting for days, and, it may be guessed, preparing for it. In vain; the only sentence that passed his lips was when he reached slightly across her for the salt—"Excuse the picnic stretch."

* * *

A monument to Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, was unveiled at Dayton, Ohio, on Sunday, June 27, his birthday. The memorial is a granite bowlder, with a bronze plate on which is engraved a verse from Dunbar's "Death Song."

* * *

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel is to be entitled "Canadian Born." The story is to appear in England in The Cornhill Magazine.

* * *

A new story by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin will soon be published. It will be entitled "Susanna and Sue," and will picture life in a community of "Shakers."

HAL.

Make your home a pleasant place to live in

The house with cold halls and draughty rooms—the house in which you breathe the burnt-out gas and dust-laden atmosphere of the hot air furnace or stoves—is no place in which to bring up children. Yet that same house can be easily changed into a pleasant, healthful place in which to live by installing a

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It doesn't require any alterations in the house, either—no tearing down of partitions or bother to the occupants. The system can easily be installed without disturbing the house.

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You do not only add to the comfort of living by installing a heating system operated by a Daisy Hot Water Boiler and King Radiators, but you also add to the value of your property. Don't you think you had better write for full information? Our booklet, "Comfortable Homes," will be sent free on request.

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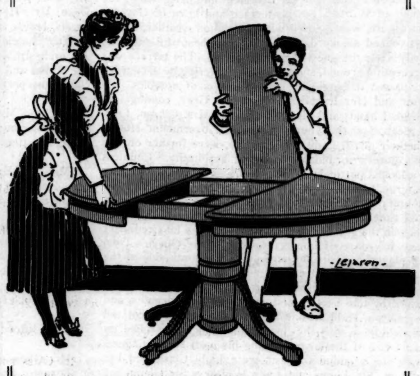
TORONTO

The Simpson House-Furnishing Club Re-Opens



Members of our Former Clubs are prima facie members of this July Club. Five hundred new members will be admitted. Join at once if you need Carpets, Rugs, Window Draperies, Furniture, or any goods sold in those respective departments.

WE take pleasure in announcing today that we have re-opened our Housefurnishing Club for the entry of 500 new members. Ex-membership also will be renewed upon application.

It may seem somewhat superfluous at this date to enlarge upon the immense advantages to which this announcement refers. Our Housefurnishing Club plan is now so well known in Toronto, and, indeed, throughout Canada. But we will briefly explain its features for the better understanding of those who have never as yet taken advantage of Club membership.

We offer 500 responsible people the free privilege of a charge account in the Carpet and Curtain Department, and in the Furniture Department, for all goods ordered during the month of July.

The only extra advantage we look for is increased business among house-owners. We make no charge whatever for the convenience, and Club members are charged cash prices—NOT ONE CENT MORE.

The times and terms of payment are privately arranged as mutually satisfactory to the Club customer, and our Club Secretary, the general agreement covering six months, and including 25 per cent. down and the balance in six monthly payments.

We are absolutely candid when we say there is no extra charge in any way. All we want is a reasonable assurance of Club applicants' intentions and responsibility. Home-owners have in this Club the most liberal proposition ever made—Simpson cash prices with time to pay at convenience.

Our stock of Housefurnishings was never so complete. The increased area of this enlarged store enables us to supply variety and choice as never before. Those who join now have a full month in which to choose goods. So join now.

The Secretary's office is at the James Street end of the ground floor. Consult him and learn any fuller particulars you may desire.

Meanwhile we repeat:

Simpson's Housefurnishing Club is open for July.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE garden party given by His Honor and Mrs. Gibson on Friday, for the President and delegates of the Council of Women, on the terrace and lawn of Government House, was favored with very good weather, an oppressive and smoky day breaking into beautiful sunshine shortly after the guests began to arrive. The terrace was the reception ground, and the guests entering by the garden gate passed in single file before a row of notables, His Honor and Her Excellency, Countess Grey, coming first with glad hands and pleasant smiles. Mrs. Gibson, Lady Aberdeen, and the young people of Government House, with their guest, Lady Evelyn Grey, were further on and made quite a formidable array of hospitality. Countess Grey looked particularly well in a beautiful shade of delicate grey with a large grey hat. Mrs. Gibson and her daughters are in mourning. Lady Aberdeen wore a champagne tinted net robe over satin. She, like most of the leaders in the great Congress, was looking a bit tired after a busy few days of important work. The Queen's Own Band played opposite the terrace on the south side of the lawn, and at the west end, a marquee with refreshments was crowded with guests. Chairs set about the lawn were occupied by tete-a-teters and sundry weary delegates, and visitors from Auld Reekie and various parts of Scotland were delighted with the "prood piper" who marched on the east end of the lawn, blowing his most stirring tunes. Among the prominent guests were Lady Clark and her daughters, Sir James and Lady Whitney, Sir Glenholme and Lady Falconbridge, Lady Moss, Lady Howland, Lady Thompson, the Mayor and Mrs. Oliver, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Countess Rochereau de la Sabliere, Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, Mrs. Imlach, Baroness von Platten, Madame la Marquise Bourdon del Monte, Commander and Mrs. Law, Captain and Mrs. Rumbold of Virginia, Countess Anna Langenberg, Hon. Mrs. Franklin and Mrs. Palmer of Huntley Lodge, Dr. Tibertius, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, Miss Beardmore, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. Williams Beardmore, Dr. and Mrs. Aikens, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright and their guest, Professor and Mrs. Robertson, Professor and Mrs. Keys, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Froken Krog, Mrs. and the Misses Matthews, Mrs. Chris. Robinson and her guest, Mr. and Mrs. Plumb, Mr. Wyley Greer, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Ingles, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. J. G. Macdonald, Mrs. Matthews, Mr. Adam Brown of Hamilton, Miss Carrie Crerar of Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Kemp of Castle Frank and their guest, Mrs. Alexander of Meadowbank, and her niece Miss Edith Rowand, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, of Lanmar, Mrs. Clinch, Judge and Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. Timothy Anglin, Miss Mary Keegan, Mr. Geo. Ross, C. B., and Mrs. Ross; Mr. and Mrs. George Lindsay, Mrs. Riordan, the Misses Merritt, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Dr. G. W. Ross, Mrs. James George, Judge and Mrs. Hodgins, Dr. O'Reilly, Mrs. Campbell Meyers, Mrs. James Robertson, Mr. Ford Robertson, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. Hal Osler.

A POPULAR IRISH HOSTESS.
The Marchioness of Headfort—a well-known figure in Irish and London Society.

A very pretty garden tea and reception in honor of her daughter-in-law-elect, Miss Heloise Keating, was given by Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, on Thursday, of last week, in the grounds of Interbrucken, Mr. Macklem's Rosedale residence. The hostess, her son, and Miss Keating received together, the dainty little *fiancee* being so well known to most of the guests as to require no formal presentation. She looked her prettiest in white crepe de soie and airy summer chapeau. The joys of a garden tea at Interbrucken are too well known to need description and the weather was all that could be desired.

Mrs. Nordheimer assisted by the officers of the I.O.D.E., gave a garden party on Thursday of last week for the distinguished visitors to the Quinquennial, and among her guests were Her Excellency, Countess Grey and Lady Evelyn Grey, the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Clark, Mrs. Goldwin Smith and the leading delegates. The scene at Glenedyth was particularly bright and beautiful, the grounds looking their very best, and the hostess and her daughters being perfect hostesses.

Mr. Edward Houston, Niagara Falls, has been appointed manager of the Imperial Bank, Ottawa.

Mrs. J. K. A. McCutcheon, 95 Cowan avenue, announces the engagement of her grand-daughter, Maggie Irene Staebler, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Staebler, Berlin, to Mr. Franklin Edward Schmidt, of Calgary, Alberta.

Miss Virginia Hugel is visiting friends in town for a few weeks, later returning to Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. Thomas Parker, of Nelson, B.C., is visiting her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Torrington.

On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Reginald Pellatt gave a tea at "Cliffside" on the lake shore near Scarboro, to a party of her men and girl friends, and two or three older ones. Mr. Pellatt is the owner of the beautiful country home formerly occupied by Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, who gave it to the young couple with the house completely furnished as one of the many fine wedding gifts. Mrs. Pellatt was a very attractive young hostess, in a dainty pink and white flowered organdy with val trimmings, as she welcomed her many guests, under the shady trees on the lawn. Tea was served in a large arbour, and the guests were here, there and everywhere about the pretty home admiring the perfectly kept grounds, which have been entirely under the care of the young couple this season. Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Perry, Messrs. and Miss Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau Kleiser, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Dean, Mrs. Headley Bond, Miss Allen were a few of the guests, beside the gay coterie of boys and girls who were the fair chatelaine's co-temporaries in her recent girlhood. An orchestra from the Queen's Own band played beside the house, and earth, air, lake and sky combined to make conditions perfect.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulock and their little ones will spend the summer at Minnicoganashene, where Mr. Mulock has taken a cottage.

Mrs. W. E. Matthews and Miss Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr and Miss Stella Kerr have gone to Gloucester, Mass., for the summer.

Captain and Mrs. Douglas Young have taken up house in Glen road.

Dr. and Mrs. Suggs, of Fort Niagara, entertained General Cotton, and his staff in camp, at afternoon tea before they left for Toronto.

Mr. Clifford Brown is fishing at Lake of Bays.

Mr. Glass and Miss Eva Glass have come to reside in Toronto, and have taken the apartment in the Alexandra formerly occupied by Sir William and Lady Meredith.

Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, 583 Avenue road, has sent out invitations to the marriage of her daughter, Miss Mary Isabelle Hoskin, and Mr. William Henry Pope Jarvis. The ceremony will take place on July 14 in Christ church, Deer Park, at a quarter to five o'clock and will be followed by a reception at the home of Mrs. Hoskin.

One of the attractions of the day's outing to Niagara last week was the splendid boat "Cayuga," which brought the delegates back to town at 8.30. The ladies were enthusiastic over her size, luxury, and the sail over "a lake like a mirror," and the excellent dinner served in the beautiful dining room was the finishing touch of much appreciated comfort. "This must be a real summer city, and how you should appreciate your facilities by water," said a woman who lives inland. "They are a happy people, these of Toronto, at least they look so," was another remark from a foreigner, as she stood watching the crowd of excursionists debarking hurriedly from the Cayuga, while a good natured lot waited behind the bars to board her for a "moonlight."

The engagement is announced of Miss Violet G. Butler, daughter of the late H. T. Butler, Esq., of Stratford, Ont., to Mr. Edward Blake Walker, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Paris, Ont., youngest son of Dr. Thos. Walker, of St. John, N.B. The marriage will take place quietly in Toronto at the residence of E. V. Burwell, B.Sc., 68 Sussex avenue, the first week in July.

Mr. John Moss, Mr. H. Beetaune and Mr. W. S. Andrews are fishing on the Nepigon.

Mrs. Sutherland Macklem's tea and Mrs. Law's reception gave those invited the opportunity to congratulate a son of the hostess at each event on his engagement to a charming girl.

Under the shade of the fine old trees, men and women who have not lost their love for the fine old English game of cricket, spent pleasant hours on Varsity Campus on two recent afternoons. On June 19, the game was against Hanerford College, and on June 22 against the University of Pennsylvania eleven. Fine weather graced both afternoons, and tea was served. Among those assisting in dispensing it being Mrs. Dyce Saunders, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, the Misses Saunders, Miss Juliet Cayley, Miss Edith Kay, Miss Marjorie Fellowes and Miss Jean Alexander.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gibson gave a dinner on Saturday evening in honor of their guest, Countess Grey.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenholme Macdoughall were in town this week visiting Mr. Macdougall's people. They were very quietly married at Port Arthur last week, and the bride was Miss May Mewburn, formerly of Hamilton. On Monday, Mrs. Macdougall had a family tea, to present her son's bride to his relatives at her home in Bloor street.

Hon. Adam Beck and Mrs. Beck have returned to their home in London. They were in town last Saturday.

Mrs. Rigby met many good friends on Saturday, when in the absence of Miss Cartwright, she received at the tea given in Trinity grounds to celebrate St. Hilda's 21st anniversary. Mrs. Rigby was the first principal of the college.

Mrs. Williams Beardmore, in the absence of Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, was one of the hostesses at Varsity on Monday. Over two hundred guests were welcomed by her.

Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood and their family have moved over to Centre Island.

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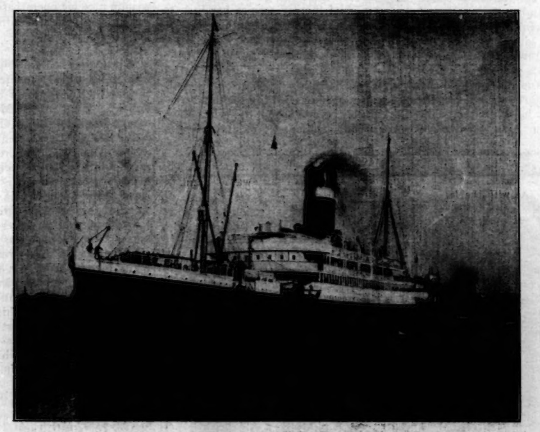

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This, remarks Life, is etiquette: "Always rise when a lady enters the car, and remain standing until she is seated—and generally a long time afterward."

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. Robert Laidlaw and Mr. John Northway.

THE ONUS OF THE CHARGE

By FRED M. WHITE

HE case was going dead against the prisoner; sanguine as he was, he could see that for himself. He was conscious of an odd feeling of unreality. For instance, it seemed almost absurd that those half-dozen portly, respectable, well-groomed gentlemen on the Bench should be trying him, when only a few days ago half of them dined with him at The Towers.

And yet there it was, and the case was going badly for the prisoner. The stately butler from The Towers was telling the story. The deceased, who had been identified as one John Chagg, had called at The Towers on the night of March 15 and had asked to see Mr. Scanlaw. The butler had informed the late caller that his master never saw anybody on business after dinner, and that it was as much as his place was worth to disturb Mr. Scanlaw. When alone, Mr. Scanlaw invariably slept for an hour after dinner. It was an early house usually, and the servants were in bed by half-past ten. The stranger, however, had been very persistent. He had induced the butler to take his card into the library and place it where Mr. Scanlaw could see it when he woke. He would stay in the hall—he was in no hurry. It sounded just a little odd, but the servants went to bed leaving John Chagg still waiting to see the master of the house. Nobody thought any more of the matter; it had passed out of the mind of the butler until the body of John Chagg was found in the shrubbery at the back of the house late on the following day.

The awkward thing was the fact that the dead man had a letter in his pocket from Scanlaw—a curt letter in which Chagg was told that he could do as he liked, but not one penny of blackmail would be got from the writer. The body of the letter, the address on the envelope, were all in Scanlaw's handwriting.

All this was pretty bad, but there was worse to follow. A big stick in the hallstand was found to be slightly stained with blood, so also was a shirt that had been found pushed at the back of the wardrobe in Mr. Scanlaw's bedroom.

And even this was not all. On the face of the dead man was a peculiar scar, an indentation, deep in the skull, that had evidently been the result of a severe blow. According to the theory of the prosecution, the mark had been caused by a ring that Scanlaw was in the habit of wearing, a cameo signet-ring with a very large, irregular-edged stone. Strangely enough, the ring was missing. All these things gradually piled up a case against the prisoner; already he was condemned by those in court.

The case dragged on wearily till the light in the court began to fade, and people were beginning to leave, feeling that the sensations of the day were exhausted. The tense attention of the afternoon had relaxed; people chatted listlessly; only one man seemed to be deeply interested. He was a little man, with a clean-shaven face and the mobile mouth of the actor. His eyes gleamed and flickered; he constantly dried his moist palms on a pocket-handkerchief. Once his eyes met those of the prisoner, and Scanlaw felt that he would know that face again anywhere.

The court adjourned at length, and Scanlaw stepped out of the box. Being before magistrates, and the case not yet proved, he had managed to procure bail. At eight o'clock, Mr. Scanlaw sat down to dine in the coffee-room of the Crozier Hotel. Five minutes later, a clergyman with white hair came into the room and, as if quite casually, took his seat at the same table. Scanlaw frowned, but the man opposite did not heed. He ordered fish in a calm, bland, incisive manner that impresses even a waiter. He was half way through his fish before he addressed Scanlaw. He spoke in a low tone, and did not look at all at the man on the other side of the table. His speech was peculiar.

"Would you give a thousand pounds to be out of your present difficulty?" he asked. "Don't stare at me like that. Go on with your dinner as if I had made a remark about the weather."

The words were calmly spoken enough, and yet there was a suggestion of nervous, eager haste about them. In a strange, uneasy way, a spark of hope shot up up in Scanlaw's breast.

"You are either a lunatic or a very clever man," he said, "Mr. ——"

"Call me Jones—the Reverend John Jones. I have been watching you all day."

"Oh, then you are disguised, Mr. Jones," Scanlaw muttered. "I recognize you now. You are the little man who was rubbing his palms all the time. Seemed to be in trouble, too."

"So I am," said the other, still bending over his fish. "Not as bad as yours, but bitter trouble, and possible disgrace, for want of a thousand pounds. That rascal Edward Coxley, your lawyer, is at the bottom of it all. Because he is utterly unscrupulous, I suppose you decided to employ him."

"Being innocent of the charge against me," Scanlaw began with dignity, "I must say—"

"Innocent be hanged!" the other man snapped. "You are as guilty as hell! You killed that blackmailing rascal as you would do again; and you will hang for it. If I am going to save your neck, there must be no foolish illusions between you and me."

"For the sake of argument, we will admit that I killed John Chagg," said Scanlaw hoarsely.

"That's better. Nobody can hear us, so I can talk freely. Before I leave here to-night, I am going to give you a written lot of questions and answers that you are to commit to memory before you sleep. Early to-morrow you had better show those questions to your lawyer, and suggest that he should put the questions and that you should answer them—in the witness-box."

"But what are you doing this for?" Scanlaw asked.

"A thousand pounds," was the prompt reply. "If I succeed, as I anticipate, you pay me that sum of money. As I am an actor—and I should have been a great actor but for the drink—you need not fear that my side of the thing will fail. I want that missing ring."

Scanlaw looked doubtfully at the speaker. Visions of a police trap rose to his mind. If this man were an enemy in disguise, he was giving away a piece of evidence that would hang him to a certainty. The other seemed to read Scanlaw's mind, for he smiled.

"I can quite see what is passing in your brain," he said. "But if you don't trust me, I can do nothing for you. If my plot falls through lack of confidence on my part you will hang."

The voice of the speaker was nervous and shaky, but the words were cool enough. The clear logic was not lost on a well-endowed mind like Scanlaw's.

"The ring is in my waistcoat pocket at the present moment," he said.

"I am glad to hear it," the other answered. "I began to be afraid that it had been lost. It is so like your mingled prudence and audacity to carry that damning piece of evidence within arm's length of the police. Hand it over to me, please."

Wondering at his own confidence in a complete stranger, Scanlaw did as requested.

"You are going to take a terrible risk," he said.

"Of course I am. Did I not tell you that I was in dire need of a thousand pounds? But there is one little point. I want to know if you keep a motor-car. I have built up everything on that?"

"Of course I keep a motor-car; keep two, in fact."

"Good!" he said. "Now, you must send a message to your chauffeur and get him out of the way for a couple of hours. Better still, change your mind and sleep at home to-night. Contrive to have the key left in your garage about nine o'clock to-night, and leave the rest to me. But, above all things, keep your chauffeur out of the way till after midnight. Have you got a full and proper grasp of that?"

Scanlaw nodded. His pulses were beating a little faster, and a fine bead of perspiration stood on his forehead. Was he going to stand whitewashed in the eyes of his fellows once more? The sense of crime was not on his conscience at all—he had rid the world of a pestiferous reptile, and there was an end of the matter.

"I will do exactly what you require," he said. "I'll get a cab here and go home. But before I do so, I should like to have some inkling of the method by which—"

"Not one word," the pseudo-clergyman said fiercely. "My good man, that would be fatal. It would only make you nervous and restless. You would be continually looking for your cue, and then you would spoil everything. Take this sheet of paper, with the questions and answers on it, and commit it to memory. Only do as you are told, and I promise that you shall be a thousand pounds poorer to-morrow night."

Scanlaw walked quietly out and called a cab. A little time later he was at home. The chauffeur came in obediently. The bearings had not come, he explained, a fact that Scanlaw was aware of before he asked the question. He seemed to be annoyed about something.

"Then you must go and fetch them to-night," he said. "And come back here by an early train in the morning. Where are the keys of the motor-house?"

Gailand had left them in his bedroom over the stables. He would fetch them if his master required them.

It was a good hour before Scanlaw had a grip of the questions and answers that the pseudo-clergyman had written out for him. He locked the paper carefully away and went outside in the silence of the night. His nerves were getting more frayed and ragged than he cared to admit; the dark silence was soothing. He passed onward to the back of the great house and alongside the new building where his two motor-cars were stored. He looked inside with a feeling partly of relief, partly of bewilderment. The door of the house was wide open, and the big Panhard was gone!

II.

The chairman and his brother magistrates came into court with an expression that plainly told that they wished the thing well over. The strong case for the prosecution was complete; it only remained for Scanlaw to reserve his defence and be committed for trial. Mr. Coxley would pursue the usual course?

"Not on this occasion," Coxley said. "I propose to exercise the discretion vested in me and put my client in the box."

Scanlaw stepped from the dock into the witness-box; his hard, square face was absolutely devoid of emotion. He looked almost defiantly at his own lawyer.

"Let us go back to the night of the murder," Coxley said. "Did you see the deceased man on that occasion, sir? Did you give Chagg an interview?"

"I did not," Scanlaw replied. "I did not, for the simple reason that I was not in the house between dinner and midnight."

"We will get to that presently," Coxley went on. "The prosecution has made a great deal of the fact that you denied all knowledge of Chagg, when at the same time you had written a letter to him telling him to do his worst. Can you reconcile those statements?"

"Nothing is easier," Scanlaw said slowly and distinctly. "I repeat that I never saw Chagg in my life. He wrote to me more than once, saying that he was in possession of certain papers, etc., relating to my past, and proposing that I should buy them for ten thousand pounds. He tried to see me, and I gave orders to have him kicked off the premises if he came again. Of course, I am speaking of my offices. Finally, I wrote the man the letter which was found in his pocket."

"What he suggested as to your past was false?" said Coxley.

"No, it was absolutely true," Scanlaw admitted with the greatest coolness. "My past is not altogether a blameless one—not that that has anything to do with the case."

"Let us get on," he said. "You say you were out all the evening. Please explain."

"The explanation is quite easy," said Scanlaw. "As my butler told the Bench, it is my custom when alone to go to sleep after dinner. I am never disturbed; the servants go to bed at the proper time and leave me severely alone. If Chagg was in the house, I did not know it. Soon after dinner I took a coat with a big collar—for the night was cold—and went out. My chauffeur was away, unfortunately, so I had to take my motor out myself. Without saying a word to anybody, I drove my car to Illchester and went to the Mitre Hotel there."

"Can you produce anybody to testify to that?" Coxley asked.

"I am afraid not," Scanlaw went on. "You see, it was Illchester Fair—pleasure fair; the hotels were full, and the streets crowded with people who came to see the show. I was muffled up, and my hat over my eyes. I went there to see a stranger who, strangely enough, had written me a letter relating to Chagg. The writer of the letter was a stranger to me, and he seemed to have a grudge against Chagg. He said if I would see him, he would tell me enough to get Chagg ten years. The address was 'The Mitre, Illchester,' a house of no repute, which was why I did not desire to be seen there. Hence I kept my collar up."

"This is getting very interesting," said Coxley. "You have kept that letter, of course."

"No," Scanlaw said sharply. "I handed it to you yesterday."

Coxley apologized and produced a letter from his papers. It was handed up to the Bench and passed from one magistrate to another. The letter was

(*Concluded on page 20.*)

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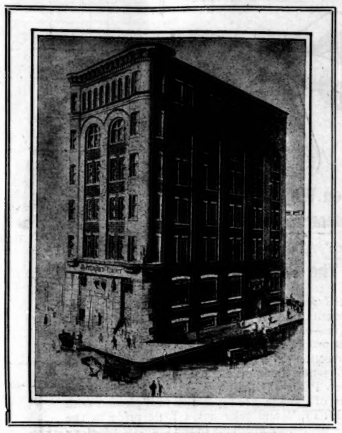

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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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Vol. 22. TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 3, 1909. No. 38.

Points About People

At the London Militia Camp.

COL. J. PETERS, who was at one time D. O. C. in Toronto, and who has recently been appointed to a similar command in British Columbia, is D. O. C. at London and was Camp Commandant there this year. Col. Peters is nothing if not democratic and he wanders in and out among all classes of soldiers with the greatest freedom. He is especially interested in shooting, and this interest was particularly marked this year when the "efficiency pay" of the men was arranged—and it is said most unjustly—on a basis of certain high scores at the targets.

One morning at London when a certain regiment was doing its rifle shooting at the Cove ranges, Col. Peters with a member of his staff came walking along the line of prostrate soldiers, observing their manner of firing, etc. One man caught his attention and seemed particularly worthy of notice. He had the rifle at his left shoulder and was looking along the barrell in a most peculiar manner.

"Just look at that man," shouted the Colonel, "nobody on earth could shoot like that."

Just then the man fired, there was a pause, and the marker put up the sign for a "bulls-eye."

Up to this time the soldier had said nothing but now he calmly turned his head and said:

"How's that old sport?"

The Colonel quietly turned and walked away to hide his emotion.

Sir Richard Scott.

PERHAPS because a general election is as yet some years distant and there is no immediate need for a campaign fund, the Crown has been rather niggardly in the matter of awarding knighthoods this June. The veteran who was so honored, Sir Richard Scott, was assuredly entitled to it if long public service counts for as much as a "barrel" when titles are flying around. The aged ex-Secretary of State almost stands alone. Practically everyone of the contemporaries with whom he started out in politics is dead—Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. George Brown, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and a host of other notable men. Nearly everyone is familiar with his portrait—that of a very old gentleman with bushy white whiskers covering almost the whole of his countenance. He has looked precisely the same for thirty years, and this peculiar hirsute appearance of his was once the occasion of a rather rude jest from the lips of Sir John A. Macdonald.

The latter, when he lived at Earnscliffe, Ottawa, had in his library the mounted head of a Rocky Mountain goat, which, as everyone is aware, is snow white with a bushy fringe around its face. One night Sir John gave a dinner party to a few friends and afterward they adjourned to the library to smoke. As he led his guests in to the room the Prime Minister said, "Gentlemen, allow me to present Senator Scott," at the same time pointing to the trophy upon the wall.

Perhaps the position of the aged statesman in the cabinet is best illustrated by an apologue from the Gulistan of the Persian philosopher Sadi. The latter relates that at the court of Kisra a cabinet council were debating some state affair. Abuzarchamahr, who was president, sat silent, and finally some of his fellow councillors asked him:

"Why do you not join us in this discussion?"

He replied:

"Some ministers of state are like physicians, and a physician will prescribe only for a sick man; accordingly so long as I see that your opinions are judicious it were ill-judged in me to obtrude a word; while business can proceed without my interference, it does not behove me to speak on the subject."

Perhaps this explains why since his admission to the Laurier cabinet in 1896 R. W. Scott was never known to go on the stump, a fact which was not relished by the Irish Catholic electorate whom he was nominally supposed to represent in the administration. But he had one quality which endeared him to his colleagues while he was in the cabinet and that was an infinite capacity for the routine of office work and absolutely no desire to go junketing off to Europe. Consequently, as was remarked on this page last week, he would in summer time undertake the correspondence and routine work of three of four departments while the holders of the portfolios were enjoying themselves on furlough. It will therefore be seen that the silent man has his uses in any government. "He also serves who only stands and waits," as Milton says.

AN ORIGINAL EXPERIMENT IN GRAFT.

Changes in the West.

DURING the past few years since the towns of the prairie provinces have begun to lose their old time western flavor and have assumed metropolitan airs and taken on down east manners, the inhabitants have grown very touchy over anything which hints that there is any lack of culture or refinement.

Even the names of some of the western cities, which to easterners are attractive by their striking originality, have been the subject of much heartburning. The citizens of old Rat Portage succeeded in getting the much more euphonious name of Kenora. Moose Jaw has soberly discussed the question of a change, while Medicine Hat people have an idea that if they secured a new name, paragraph writers, funny men and space poets would cease jibing at their city as "the place where the weather comes from."

The natives of Pincher Creek even think that the name of their growing town is scarcely dignified enough for their rising importance in Southern Alberta. It sounds, they imagine, too much like Indians, cow-boys, six-shooters and general wild-wooliness. There is talk of a new and more civilized name. Thus passeth the old west!

Most Men of Deeds Succeed.

FIVE years ago Mr. A. W. Roebuck, present proprietor of two hustling north country papers, The Cobalt Citizen and The Temiskaming Herald, was a Toronto reporter, doing city assignments for the usual princely stipend accorded to news gatherers. How he came to be boss of two papers is a long story, but it was probably by resourcefulness, and he gave an excellent display of this quality during the Quinquennial Congress of the International Council of Women in Toronto.

The ladies were all bound for Guelph, one Saturday afternoon, to see the Government experimental farm, and Mr. Roebuck was one of the few favored masculines invited to accompany them. The particular coach of the special train he was in was resplendent in new varnish, the day was hot, and every blessed window positively refusd to rise. The ladies struggled, sighed, and collapsed. The few men in the party said wicked words softly and gave it up as a bad job. The brakesman, appealed to, solemnly averred that the whole crew had wrestled in vain with the selfsame windows.

Mr. Roebuck vanished and reappeared just as the train left the station. In one hand he carried a three foot section of iron pipe he had picked up beside the track, in the other a strip from a soap box cover he had commandeered on the platform. The pipe was the lever, the soap box scrap the fulcrum, and Mr. Roebuck's strong right arm the motive power. In ten minutes he had every window in the car open, and all on board were drinking his health in great gulps of refreshing sushine-laden ozone.

Honor for a Canadian.

MR. E. S. MOORE, of Clarksburg, Ont., who graduated at Toronto University in 1904, is the first Canadian to receive the degree of Ph.D. from the Geological Department of Chicago University, which was conferred upon him on Tuesday, June 15, 1909, with the additional distinction of "Magna Cum Laude." He has also been appointed Senior Professor of Geology in the State University of Pennsylvania, duties to commence in September next. Dr. Moore is at present in charge of a Geological Survey party in New Ontario, where he has held a similar position for the past five years.

A Descendant of Sir Allan McNab.

CANADIANS have very much reason to be interested in a wedding, which was recently one of the notable features of high social events in England. This was the wedding of Lady Myee Carrington and Viscount Bury, which took place at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, and was attended by King Edward and Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria and a host of distinguished members of the British Peerage. But while the presence of Their Majesties is some claim on the attention of loyal Canadians, and while the newspaper accounts of frocks and ribbons and jewels would awaken the interest of any right-minded lady, the wedding has still other grounds of appeal to people in this country. In the first place Viscount Bury is himself well-known to a number of Canadians, having been for two or three years an aide-de-camp to Earl Grey at Ottawa. In this capacity he was a familiar figure at the Capital, and made many friends. But he has still other claims to attention in his descent from a great Canadian of early days, Sir Allan McNab. This prime minister and soldier of pioneer times has won for himself a very high place in Canadian history, and it should be for any man a passport to the favor of all Canadians that he can trace his descent from one who has done so much to make Canada what she is today. Sir Allan McNab lived in stirring times and he did a great work in the defence and development of the country. And so Viscount Bury in his recent wedding has the good wishes of all Canadians, both for his own sake and for that of his great forbear.

VISCOUNT BURY.
Photo by Lafayette, London, courtesy of Dr. Henry Morgan, Ottawa.

The Use of Clothes.

THIS is an anecdote, actually true, of an incident which occurred in the Methodist Sunday School at Mimico last Sabbath. A visiting clergyman was addressing the pupils, and dealt at some length on the futility of regarding outward appearances and show. He pointed out that all is not gold that glitters and that clothes do not make the man. It is not the garments a man or woman wears he pointed out, that count with the Almighty, but the conduct of the wearer. He cautioned the little ones on the subject of vanity, and then proceeded to expand upon this theme by taking out his watch to use as an illustration.

He argued that what made the watch useful was the mechanism concealed within the case. The case might be gold or silver or baser metal, but unless the mechanism was good and did its work well the watch, if not exactly valueless, was at least useless, the case merely serving to protect the works. Then reverting to the subject of clothes, he thought he would try to discover how far he had succeeded in conveying his argument to the youngsters.

"What little man can tell me what clothes are for?" he asked.

One or two hands went up.

"Well, my little man, what have you to say?" he said, indicating one of the lads. "What are clothes for?"

"To protect the mechanism," was the prompt response.

Errors of Newspapers.

THE big daily newspaper has troubles of its own. Though an irate citizen can't slay "the editor" of a metropolitan journal with the ease that characterizes the "getting even"p process in vogue in some places, an indignant reader is at liberty to derive solace and satisfaction from the courts.

The other day saw an annoyed person in a Toronto newspaper office.

"I'll get to the bottom of this if it costs $1,000," he declared.

The staff was impressed and one member asked to see the stuff. He had heard of large money like that, but had seldom seen it.

Slowly and wrathfully the story came out. A marriage had taken place at the home of the angry citizen, and his name had been misspelled. The hand of an enemy had done the deed; the vexed visitor was sure of that. He repeated his willingness to squander a cool thousand in tracking the scoundrel to his lair.

And then it developed that the copy for the wedding item had been prepared by friends of the contracting parties. The name had been illegibly written, but not by a reporter.

About the same time there appeared the "correction" of a report that a minister would be transferred to another church. Well, the change did follow, notwithstanding.

Strange though it may seem, the newspapers are not always wrong when some people thing they are, and when they are in error it is not always their own fault.

Mr. Kent's Popularity.

THERE were few men who had such a hold on the masses of the city of Toronto as the late Herbert A. E. Kent, who died last week after a tenure all too brief in the comfortable office of Registrar of West Toronto. It had been hoped by his friends that he would live long to enjoy a happy old age free from worry. On only one occasion did he seek honors outside the School Board, the work of which was very dear to his heart. That was when he ran for a seat in the Legislature some sixteen years. While he was undoubtedly handicapped on that occasion by the apathy of the "kid-gloved" section of the Conservative party, who on election day in Toronto usually furnish its best and most intelligent workers, tales came out in after years, when the public commenced to get after the ballot-stuffers that infested the province, to the effect that although nominally defeated he was actually elected. Had not a general election for the Legislature been pending in the near future there is no doubt that the seat would have been protested.

In School Board elections Mr. Kent was invincible, even after the old ward system, which he believed in, had been abolished, and this was in a considerable degree due to his popularity with the great body of school teachers of Toronto. The school teacher is a good friend to have. He or she each influences about fifty or sixty pupils who in turn on school matters carry some weight with their parents. Thus the impression got abroad that Mr. Kent was the right man to vote for. His popularity with the teachers was well deserved for he had a heart as big as his physique, and any young woman who needed a sympathetic friend on the management committee found one in him.

On one occasion a teacher wanted a new set of chairs for a room in which she was teaching little tots just beginning with their letters. She was refused them by the inspectors. A few days later Mr. Kent, who was chairman of an important committee, dropped into the school as was his wont. The teacher privately told her troubles to him.

"Never mind," he said, "you'll get them all right."

And in three days time a dray backed up into the school yard with the required chairs on board. The teacher naturally had a good deal to say for Mr. Kent when election day came around. It was a multitude of such instances as these, all betokening the capable politician, as well as the good-hearted man that made him so popular with the masses.

Hardest Prospecting He Ever Did.

POSSIBLY the last man in the north country whom the casual observer would mistake for an actor is the quiet and dignified secretary-treasurer of the Temiscaming and Hudson Bay Mining Company, Mr. F. L. Hutchinson. Yet who of us is there that has not at some time rejoiced in a footlight triumph?

Mr. Hutchinson's excursion into stageland was long ago but is still recalled in vivid recollection. Just what the play may have been, where it was staged, or what part the present mining accountant played is not material to the story. The incident which Mr. Hutchinson will never forget took place next morning.

In those days the hard worked secretary and auditor was not the giant of endurance he is to-day, and, after the stress and strain of the public appearance he hurried home, threw himself on the bed with his grease-paint on, and was soon fast asleep.

Then it was that some joker—one of those smart guys whom all of us at some time in our careers have learned to hate—got in his work. When the rising young actor arose next morning the materials necessary for the removal of his "make up" had disappeared.

That trip about town in search for vaseline, decorated as he was like a wild red Indian, is an adventure that will not soon be forgotten either by Mr. Hutchinson or the friends whom he chanced to meet.

THE IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE DELEGATES TAKE TEA ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TERRACE.

When Women Discuss

THE mere man who attended a meeting of the National Council of Women had much to fill him with trepidation. It sometimes takes courage and determination to tread where ladies rush in. Even if a man were accompanied by a body-guard of femininity it would be something of a strain to face that assemblage of particularly strong-minded ladies, especially with a knowledge of the fact that they had come together to discuss the suffrage and kindred subjects. Judge then of my case, who went alone and unattended, clothed in my nerve and feeling as I walked smaller than human 'neath the frosty glare. Not that it really was frosty. As a matter of fact there was a sort of spider-to-the-fly geniality about my reception when I had finally summoned up enough courage to advance to the door. But somehow or other I had a chill feeling of impending doom. In spite of the smiling ladies who stood about the door and hastened to make me feel at home, and in spite of the sweet girl-graduate ushers who led the way to higher things—I very modestly insisted on sitting away up at the back somewhere—I had that bruised feeling about the third button of my vest which indicates an acute attack of lonesomeness. Of course, I afterwards came to realize how vain were all my fears; but in the beginning it was difficult to reason down my apprehensions.

Miss McMillan, May Wright Sewall, and Mrs. Stevens, Toronto, President of the W.C.T.U.

CONFERENCE OF THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

Back Row—Mrs. Imlack, England; Miss Van Emyck, Netherlands; Prof. Hainisch, Austria. Front Row—Miss Crawley, England; Miss Kirk, England; Miss Gransburg, Netherlands.

Although I had so far given way to my curiosity as to come to the meeting, I had at least exercised enough discretion to pick out an evening when there were no exciting subjects to be discussed. In spite of a strong desire to hear a debate on the subject of the suffrage, I refrained. I felt that there are times when it is not only more courteous but also safer for a mere man to stay away. Of course I had no fear of anything approaching physical violence. But my perfervid imagination persisted in suggesting the possibility of some enthusiastic champion of women's rights publicly exhorting me to espouse their cause, or even threatening me as a representative of the oppressor. Therefore, I selected a meeting at which the delegates were billed to discuss such questions as a pure milk supply and the proper care of babies. This I felt should be sufficiently sedative in its influence and offered little fuel for political passions.

Before I go any farther I should also explain that I have no intehtion in the world of expressing any opinion as to the object and methods of the International Council of Women. This is too big a subject, and also too dangerous, to be lightly taken up. My only desire is to describe the impression made on me by my one visit, in order that other men who may have felt the same curiosity but did not have either the time or courage to gratify it, may get an idea of a session from the masculine point of view.

I have already told of coming up to the door and of being welcomed by a bevy of ladies who were all smiles and badges of various sorts. Then there was the charming usher—sweet and twenty, with mortar-board and gown all complete, and a dimple—whom I finally managed to convince of the sincerity of my desire to sit very far back in the most inconspicuous possible position. All this having been finally accomplished, I ventured to look around me with a modest and propitiating expression.

The first thing I saw was the ladies. They were everywhere—all kinds of ladies, in all kinds of clothes, and with all kinds of expressions, though the general attitude was one of concentrated thought and iron resolution. Of course I knew that those of particularly strong-minded appearance were the delegates. But even some giddy young things I noticed, who had come for no possible reason I could think of, were doing their best to seem conscious of a very high and serious mission, though without any very impressive success. But these very youthful people were lost in the crowd of business-like looking women, who gazed with eager attention at the platform, and merely turned away now and then to make rapid notes. In spite of one's masculine inclination to think lightly of the work of such meetings of women, one could not help being impressed by the evident earnestness of it all. Also, I must admit I felt somewhat apprehensive for the comfort of men married to such very strong-minded spouses. Ladies who displayed such earnestness and ability in the handling of big social problems, and who were so evidently determined to carry out their plans, might have but scant consideration for the ingenuous ways of the plain or garden variety of husband. But then, of course, these ladies might have got mates of corresponding intellectual proportions.

I looked around for a man. There were only two in sight. One was a bald-headed man sitting beside a large woman, who gave the impression of a great fund of reserve power. He was away down in front and looked very subdued. That is, his attitude was meek. I never got a glimpse of his features. The other was a genial-looking old fellow, with a scrubby beard. He seemed to be enjoying the whole thing, and once when I caught his eye I thought he winked. I shuddered in case his action should have been observed. What might not have been the frightful consequences! We were the sole representatives of the lesser half of the race: and we were separated by wide intervals of hats. But I think we were a comfort to one another.

On the platform were drawn up the officers of the Council and the speakers of the evening. They all seemed very much accustomed to such a position and very much at their ease. I had expected that it would be rather amusing to see women trying to conduct such a meeting. But what joke there was, seemed to be on me. Not only was the meeting conducted with perfect order and efficiency, but as a matter of fact I have seldom seen a gathering of men inspired by such evident earnestness of purpose, and devoted so singly to the business in hand. It goes against my masculine grain to have to make such an admission; but I am giving my honest impressions, and that is one of them.

There is no need of going into the matter of the addresses, which were devoted to various matters concerning public health, with a special attention to pure milk and babies. Various foreign delegates read papers telling of the system in vogue in their own countries; and though there may not have been anything startlingly novel in the information given, the general evidence of co-operation in the service of humanity came as something of a surprise. This question of milk and babies was only a very small item in the general business of the convention, but the earnestness with which it was taken up, and the careful attention which was given to it by these women from almost all parts of the civilized world, was alone enough to convince a doubting Thomas of the great good which could be done and is being done by the International Council, I, who had gone prepared to sit in the seat of the scornful—even if it was hidden behind a pillar—soon became very much interested in what these women of various nationalities had to tell of the progress of the work in their own lands. In listening to their different pronunciations of English, in looking on their different features marked by the characteristics of their race, I came to understand the breadth of this movement among women. The flags and coats-of-arms of the nations of the earth which were massed here and there about the hall took on for me a new significance. I was humbly conscious of being very much impressed. I began then to understand something of the enthusiasm in a great cause which could bring together so many women of ability and character from lands so distant; and I caught myself looking with a great deal of respect—though with still a remnant of fear and trembling—at all those strong-minded countenances. And when the session was finally over and I was able to slip out as quietly and unobtrusively as possible, it was an humbled and chastened man that went slowly homewards. For I had been obliged to change my mind. I had been forced to admit that there are women who can do the work of men, and do it better than men because of their peculiar fitness to certain tasks. An altogether new field for female activity had been spread out to my astonished gaze, and I felt the natural surprise of one who had gone out to see children dabbling around a pond with a little toy-boat, and had found giantesses launching a mighty vessel freighted with a great and precious cargo, the hope of coming nations.

X. Y. Z.

The Saturday Sunset, of Vancouver, says that Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard, formerly editor and publisher of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, intends making his home in Vancouver for some time. He spent the winter in California, where he was being treated for rheumatism. The long trip to Vancouver necessitated a rest upon his arrival and he spent a few days recuperating in St. Paul's Hospital there. Friends throughout Canada will be glad to know that aside from his rheumatism and neuralgia, his health is very good. Mr. Sheppard is working on several books, one of which is almost ready for the publishers.

The sugar trust's record is not sweet, observes The Cleveland Leader.

Weeding Them Out

WATCHING THE CONTESTANTS GET AWAY.

MANY columns, full of glows and thrills and technical Scotch phrases, have been written about the finals of golf tournaments, and the public is abundantly familiar with the "galleries," and the emerald turf, and the charming view from the club house, and all the rest of the picture. This is golf in full dress. But there is another side to a championship tournament, which may be regarded as the workaday side of it, and which gets but scant attention from anyone but the players themselves, and that is the preliminary stages in the process of elimination. Then, everything is too indefinite for the general public to feel greatly interested. So the canny reporter is sparing of his color, and saves up the full tubes for the big splashing pictures of the finals. The average reader of newspapers has thus little idea of the appearance of a golf course during those early stages when the field of contestants is still large and the coming champion very much a problem.

On Monday afternoon the links of the Toronto Golf Club, where the latest championship tournament was held, presented a very busy scene, though not much different from what it is on any day when there is a good turn-out of players. Everywhere about the grounds were white-clad men playing the game with tremendous earnestness; but, beyond this close attention and the general excellence of the playing, there was little to indicate that a championship tournament was on. There were no large galleries, such as one is accustomed to see in the playing off of the finals. The players were accompanied only by their caddies. Instead of everyone being out following the players, as at the end of the tournament when the final decision is being made, the club house was the centre of activity for the "fans." About the wide verandahs lounged a number of members of the club, and some of the contestants who had either finished their game or were waiting to go on. They all kept a close eye on the course and as the different players came in after playing their match, there were anxious enquiries as to how they had fared in the game.

Nor was there less anxiety on the part of the latest in to see how the others had got on. Each winner was naturally keen to know against whom he would have to play next day; while the losers were curious to see who were in the same position as themselves. Their first move, therefore—even before they sought refreshment—was to go and study the board where the results were marked up as they came in. It was here, too, that the newspaper men sat about, garnering the stories as they drifted in. And the air was filled with explanations, in which Scotch terms of the game were flung about with a fluency nothing short of bewildering to the unfamiliar. And then, after having told how it all happened, the players would slip away to "the cup that clears to-day of past regrets, to-morrow of our fears." This is a highly metaphorical way of alluding to lemonade and tea.

SEEING THE MOTE IN HIS RIVAL'S EYE.

An amusing feature of the happenings of the day was the work of the photographers. These knights of the camera slipped about the field with their cumbrous-looking big weapons, and whenever they caught sight of a player who appealed to their sense of the picturesque or their financial expectations, they made a point of snapping him. But the fun came in in the attitudes of the players on the subject. Some of them, who were evidently *blase* about their being photographed, went on with their game without paying the slightest attention. Others were plainly made nervous and self-conscious by the operation, but made no objection. Still others coyly refused to permit their pictures to be taken, and then acted as though they expected it to be done any second.

MR. S. T. BLACKWOOD IN DIFFICULTIES.

"Some of these fellows are crazy to be taken," said one of the camera fiends, "but they want me to run around the whole field after them."

There is no need at this late date of discussing the playing on Monday. It was very good golf, but all that is now as a tale that has been told many times. The idea of this article, however, was not to go into details on this subject, but simply to give some general idea of the appearance of the links during the preliminary stages of the tournament. This is a part of the proceedings with which only the players themselves are familiar, as it is not considered sufficiently picturesque, as a rule, to be extensively written up. But at the same time this workaday end of of the tournament prepares the way for all the glories and thrills to follow, and plays an equally important part in helping to arrive at the final decision. But there are no fuss and frills then. It is just plain, business-like golf, with the result of it all shrouded in the mists of the future. And so the great public, which wants decisive results, keeps away until the match has been narrowed down to the last two players, and the final outcome hangs immediately in the balance. Then do the golfing fans turn out to follow the play; and the reporters slap their pictures on from palettes full of color. But everyone who is interested is familiar with such scenes as these.

SIR RICHARD SCOTT.

For over half a century Richard Scott, who a few days since was created a Knight Bachelor by His Majesty, King Edward, has been in public life. Over fifty-seven years ago, Sir Richard was elected Mayor of Ottawa, and in 1857 he became a member of the Canadian Legislature for Ottawa. In 1867 he was elected to the Ontario Legislature, and continued a member of the House until 1873, in the interval filling the office of Speaker and that of Crown Lands Commissioner. In 1873 he joined the Mackenzie Government at Ottawa, and held the portfolio of Secretary of State. Upon the Liberal victory in 1886 he entered the Cabinet, and taking up the portfolio of Secretary of State, held it until the recent appointment of Hon. Charles Murphy. Sir Richard Scott is now in his 85th year, and is the Nestor of Canadian public life.

A Cream-Colored Compliment.

MR. W. BERT ROADHOUSE, the new secretary to the Hon., the Minister of Agriculture, and also secretary to the recently appointed Milk Commission, distinguished himself in his capacity as representative of the Minister by his painstaking regard for the comfort and convenience of all the lady delegates who were guests at the Guelph Agricultural College last Saturday. His genial smile was a standing invitation to everyone desiring to ask questions.

The exhibit of sewing and millinery in a domestic science class-room of McDonald Hall irresistibly reminded one of the foreign delegates—somewhat blessed with an abundance of this "too, too solid flesh"—of the department stores, which have proved a mighty solace to many visitors during the strenuous labors of the Quinquennial Congress in Toronto.

Rushing up to the immaculately attired representative of the Ontario Government, she enquired:

"Oh, would you tell me what these hats are worth?"

The courtly secretary was not at a loss for an answer.

"They are worth," said he, "the attention of the cream of the Congress."

The lady realized her mistake, smiled, bowed, and passed on; but a close observer might have noticed that the secretary's eye was resting—casually, of course—on the long table of foodstuffs' prices on one of the blackboards. It ran something like this:

Cream, 20 per cent. fat (so much).

Cream, 40 per cent. fat (so much).

Bon Voyage.

"THE wind bloweth where it listeth,"
And a melody comes from the hills,
And awakens the harps in the woodlands,
Then wanders o'er meadows and rills.
It brings me the perfume of violets;
From the pine groves, a lullaby song;
Then ripples the shallows and marshes,
As it plays on the shore, all day long.

"The wind bloweth, where it listeth"—
And the ships sail out to sea;
They dance upon the waters,
As the winds kiss their sails with glee—
The storm-clouds are driven before them,
Till the sun light shines over the sea,
Oh! Wind, blowing where thou listeth,
Bring my ship safe home to me.

Markdale, June, 1909. M. H.

MOTORS and MOTORING

ONE might suppose that this comment on "The Boy and the Car," in New York Life, had been written in Toronto—it hits a local condition so exactly:

When a child is run over by a motor car a great many people feel that the driver of the car ought at once to be shot or clubbed to death.

There is, however, another side to the case.

Owing to the great number of disasters civilized chauffeurs are becoming more and more cautious. While there is no doubt reckless speeding, especially on the part of "joy" riders, it is by means the order of the day. On the contrary, it is an exception to the rule. Most men who drive cars in these days have learned by experience the value of caution.

On the other hand, how about the children? The other day there was a distressing case of a boy who, intent uopn a ball, stepped backward to get it, and was run over by a motor car which was proceeding slowly and cautiously. The man who drove the car could by no possibility have avoided the accident. The street was full of boys. He knew this, and was going slowly to avoid them. Suddenly one of their number, standing on the sidewalk, turns half round and backs right in front of the wheels.

Boys at play are usually absorbed in their game. They are almost invariably reckless of consequences. To keep all cars off the streets on this account would be obviously unjust. To punish all drivers of cars or horses because boys dart unexpectedly in the way, is also unjust.

The boys ought to be kept off the city streets. Suitable playgrounds should be provided for them.

* * *

The Automobile Club of Canada, Montreal, will hold its second annual automobile races at the Blue Bonnets track on Friday and Saturday, July 9 and 10, and many of the best known professional and amateur drivers in the world are expected to be present. The famous Blue Bonnets track is, in the opinion of experts, a fine course for automobile races, and with its long stretches and wide turns some phenomenally fast time is promised in the various events, and in fact it would not be surprising to see some world's records established.

In arranging this year's races special attention has been given to classifying the events, in order to meet the wishes of the automobile manufacturers and owners in general. With the idea of making the meet as interesting as possible from a public standpoint, and at the same time demonstrating the reliability of the various machines entered for such severe tests for the benefit of would-be purchasers and users, the various races will be much longer than at the previous meet of the club, and will include twenty-five and one hundred mile events.

The full list of events is as follows:

Friday, July 9 (nine events): Time trials against world's mile record of 51 seconds; 3 miles, gasoline stock cars, selling $1,200 or less; 5 miles, gasoline stock cars, selling $2,001 to and including $3,000; 5 miles, gasoline stock cars, selling $3,001 to and including $4,000; 10 mile handicap, gasoline stock cars; 5 miles, gasoline stock cars, selling $4,001 and over; 5 miles, free-for-all, best two out of three heats, not more than three cars to compete in a heat; 5 mile handicap open to members of Automobile Club of Canada; 25 miles, gasoline stock chassis, 60 h.p. and under.

Saturday, July 10 (six events): Time trials against world's mile record of 51 seconds; 5 miles, gasoline stock cars, selling $1,200 or less; 10 miles, gasoline stock cars, selling $4,001 and over; free-for-all, best two out of three heats, not more than three cars to compete in a heat; 5 miles, gasoline stock cars, selling $2,001 to and including $3,000; 100 miles, gasoline stock chassis, 60 h.p. and under.

Further information concerning the meeting may be obtained from Mr. Geo. A. McNamee, secretary-treasurer of the Automobile Club of Canada, room 135, Windsor Hotel, Montreal.

* * *

Motor-caravaning is a new sport in England. The Caravan Club is a London institution. Its members have big, tented waggons in which they go camping, and now the club has a number of automobile members. Some of these make the motor-caravan almost a rolling hotel, and indeed motor camping opens up an altogether fresh and delightful means of spending a few weeks. It enables most of those who possess cars of moderate power and size to make themselves independent of all such ties as hotels, garages, and the like bugbears of the tourist on the beaten track.

Speaking of this new sport Modern Society, of London, says:

At present it is an extravagance for the few, and the builders of such vehicles, in this country at least, have taken no steps to bring the mechanism down to the cost of the honest, four-legged, one-horse power of common usage.

A well-equipped motor-caravan costs at least £1,000, and may run into a good deal more when the fittings are of an elaborate nature. One of the best known motor "vans" on the road is that owned by Mr. Albert Flecher, who is entitled to fly the "pennon" of the Caravan Club at the peak of his aft yard. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that there are many points, as well as expressions, in sympathy between yachtsmen and caravanners.

For instance, in the case of Mr. Flecher's van there is, in addition to the saloon and sleeping berths, an upper deck, which is reached by a companion stairway from the interior of the cabin! This affords one of the greatest advantages of the motor over the horse-drawn van, as all meals can be served "on deck." Dinner partaken of aloft in a woodland pitch is a novel and delightful experience which may well strike envy into the hearts of those vanners who must take their meals in places "cabined, cribbed, confined," not to say in close proximity with the kitchen range. The arrangement of the motor-van really constitutes the outcome of a counsel of perfection; for above is the dining deck, midway the culinary department, while "below," close to the wheels, is situated the wine cellar.

A forty-horse power engine makes distance and hills of little consideration, and while the ordinary vandweller is content to travel ten miles a day—a prosaic enough performance—the motor-caravanner can cover his fifty or more with the greatest ease. But the finding of a pitch on which to enjoy the perfect tranquility of a night's rest under the stars is quite another matter. Here those who motor caravan have to step, indeed trundle, warily. Where the ordinary traveller by road would seek some nook by the road, or the lush grass of a meadow, the motor-van owner must drive on to undoubted terra-firma, or he may awake to find half of his land yacht sunk full three feet deep in an agricultural sand-bank and all hope of departure delayed until he can obtain assistance to tow him off.

But even here lie possibilities of adventure the very novelty of which will appeal to the ordinary motorist, about whose probable excitements there is a more or less monotonous aspect. The motoring members of the Caravan Club are, however, not confined to those who own automobile vans. There is an increasing number of adventurous spirits of both sexes who find a novel holiday in motor camping.

* * *

After a run of 1,700 miles, Mrs. John R. Ramsey and her party, travelling by auto from New York to San Francisco, were due at Omaha last Sunday. So far the trip, which is the longest ever taken by women in a car, in fact the first time that four women have attempted to cross the American continent, has been without incident, proving in a way Mrs. Ramsey's contention that a woman can make the trip without trouble.

Several times, of course, the wheels of her car have gone hub deep into the mud, but each time it was pulled out without trouble, and once after having left Chicago it not only got out of a particularly bad spot alone, but pulled a six cylinder car out, too. In every way it has been a most successful trip.

* * *

After taking a trip of three weeks in which he was occupied in visiting the automobile factories in the Middle West, combined with information gained on the previous trip through Pennsylvania and New England Alfred Reeves, general manager of the American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association, says that plans are being made for a production of 200,000 cars in the United States during 1910.

This statement Mr. Reeves makes after a careful compilation of figures received from the makers of axles, magnetos, frames and other parts, as well as from the automobile makers themselves. These plans may not be completely carried out, owing to the inability of parts makers to supply the demand, but in any case there is sure to be a 125 per cent. increase over the production of 1909, which is placed at 70,000 cars, and which has been insufficient to supply the demand.

Of this number 165,000 will be pleasure cars; 30,000 will be high wheel buggies made by carriage concerns, and 5,000 will be steam and electric carriages and commercial vehicles. The average price of these cars will be about $1,200, the cars below $1,500 being in the greatest demand, although there is no lessening in the demand for the cars of higher price. This will mean a total business in cars alone of almost $200,000,000.

There are already 150,000 cars in use in the United States, and if Mr. Reeves is anywhere near being correct in his estimate of next year's output—and he probably is—his figures give us a clear idea of the enormous growth of this industry.

* * *

Several applications are already on file at Constantinople for a concession for a motor-car service between Aleppo and Bagdad, between which cities the traffic in mails, goods, and passengers is rapidly increasing, greatly enhancing the importance of Beirut as a seaport, as Beirut and Aleppo are connected by rail. Between Damascus and Bagdad, also, a motor-car service is likely to be established. The distance between Beirut and Bagdad, via Damascus, is about 525 miles, against more than 4,000 miles by the sea route. The motor-car as the advance agent of the railroad is certain to play an important part in opening up vast regions in Ottoman Asia.

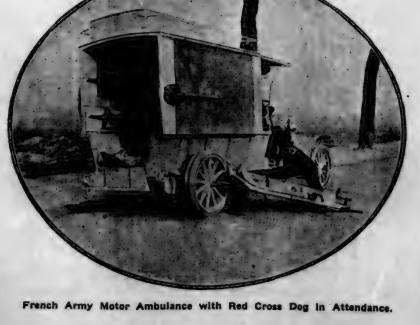
* * *

A most important gathering of motorists will take place in London from July 7 to 9. This is the annual congress of the Ligue Internationale Association des Touristes, and representatives of the largest automobile touring organizations throughout the world will be in attendance.

* * *

It may not be generally known to tourists that in order to obtain the advantages of membership in the British Cyclists' Touring Club it is not necessary to take one's machine along. Members, though unaccompanied by their machines, can avail themselves of the home and foreign hotels and in all ways obtain the benefits of the club under any circumstances.

PNEUMATIC.



French Army Motor Ambulance with Red Cross Dog in Attendance.

THE AGE OF ELECTRICITY.

The development of man has been divided into various ages according to the use that he made of the natura resources of the earth. Thus th Stone Age is the one given to the period when our forefathers used only stones and bones for weapons. Later they began to use soft metal, copper and bronze, to sharpen their weapons, and this period is known as the Bronze Age. Still later came the Iron Age.

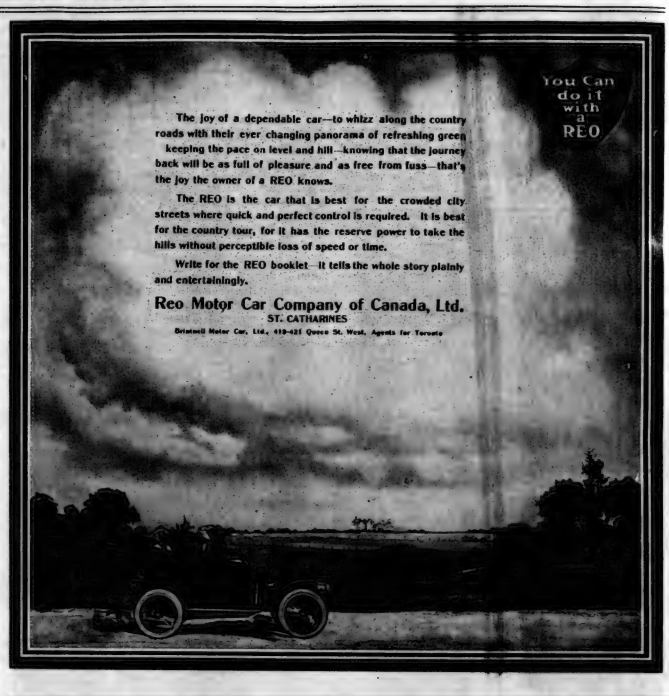
But we are now in the Power Age, because of the great use that is being made of power. In a very short time it will be known as the Electrical Age, because electricity is rapidly displacing all other forms of power.

To name an industry in which electricity does not play an important part would be a difficult matter. We all use it so constantly that we fail to realize how much we depend upon it for light, for telephones, for fire protection, for transportation, for power in our factories, for elevators, for call bells, for sparks in an automobile engine, and so on through an almost unending list.

There is no other known agent that could take the place of electricity in the important part it plays in our daily toil and pleasure. Practically all the material advancement of the age is dependent directly or indirectly, in greater or less degree, upon electricity.

Without electricity the age of Power would necessarily be limited by our supplies of wood, coal, oil and gas. With it, these things can be more widely distributed for the use of mankind and the one never failing source, water, can be harnessed for use and made to furnish power, when all other sources fail.

So great are the possibilities of electricity that though it is to-day the most important factor in the world's development, we may truly say that we are only entering upon the age of Electricity.



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AN English golf expert in a recent book on the way to learn the game gives the following descriptions of how to handle a beginner:

"Having decided to start my pupil in the opposite way to what generally adopted, I shall put him down within a foot or two of the hole and show him how to hold his putter and how to stand. Then I shall put down a ball and tell him to drop it in the hole. This he will do quite easily, and I shall increase his distance until he is putting well and confidently. Then quite naturally he will go to his mashie, and so back to his driver through the whole run of his clubs; and the man who has the patience to learn this way, even if he 'rushes through his clubs' a little in his anxiety to get that one smite which is said to metamorphose common man into golfer man, will have earned his reward in two ways.

"He will have learned to keep his eye on the ball, and he will have found out the importance of playing in the plane of force—in other words, of playing as much as possible in the line of his ball's flight—better than if he had started by driving, for the ordinary drive is perhaps the most incorrect stroke in golf; also he will, to a great extent, have overcome the haunting fear that paralyzes the arm of the young 'driver,' the fear of missing the little thing, for his drive has lengthened gradually. He finds now that the drive is, or should be, to him merely an exaggerated put."

The Poet—Poets are born, not made. The Girl—I know. I wasn't blaming you.—Boston Transcript.

"Did you have a pleasant time at the picnic, Ronald? I trust that you remembered to fletcherize, and masticated each mouthful one hundred times."

"Yes'm, an' while I was chewing my first bite the other boys et up all the grub."—Life.

"These Turks are barbarous people," remarked the housewife, as she got out a rhubarb pie. "Yes, mum," responded Sandy Pikes, with a low bow. "To show my antipathy for dem I have formed a boycott. "A boycott, my poor man?" "Yes mum; I have have promised meself never to use a Turkish towel or take a Turkish bath."—Chicago Daily News.

SPORTING COMMENT

THE Canadian golf championship tournament on the links of the Toronto Golf Club this year has been especially remarkable for the manner in which the leaders of past years have had to give way to newer players. No less than three champions lost out in the early rounds. Aleck Wilson, last year's champion, failed even to qualify; while George Lyon, the greatest of all Canadian players, fell before a new man after a hard struggle. Fritz Martin, too, a former champion, was among the vanquished in the early rounds of the tournament. While it certainly is too bad to see players of the calibre of these men dropping out in the very beginning of the contest, it is more than outweighed by the advantage of having new blood come to the front in the game. It is bad for any sport to remain too long under the mastery of one man or set of men. The faster the champions succeed one another the better it is, not only for the interest taken by the general public, but especially for the enthusiasm of the players themselves, who are thus encouraged to hope and work for the honor of first place. In this respect, therefore, there is every reason to be satisfied with the results of the present tournament.

* * *

IN spite of the fact that the warm weather is now on, when it would seem that the distance running game should be given a rest for a while, there seems to be no let-up of public interest in the sport, as was shown by the crowds which attended the Longboat-Shrubb race at the Island recently. In fact, the throng was so great as to somewhat mar the interest of the race. It is a mistake of the management of the track to allow the spectators to swarm over the centre of the field. Such a crowd as this is difficult to manage, and also it prevents those in the stands from seeing the runners at any other point than when they are down directly in front. There should be an unobstructed view from the stand, so that the spectators there could follow the runners all the way around the track. And speaking of spectators, it is to hoped that there will be no more such exhibitions of bad sportsmanship and bad manners as was given by the hooligans who hooted Shrubb when he began to fall behind. Shrubb is not only a great little runner, but he is also a great little sport, and he is as game as they make them. It was therefore brutally unfair to hiss him and badger him because the terrible pace proved too severe a strain.

MR. C. E. LEVESON-GOWER, a member of Earl Grey's Staff, who is playing in the tournament.

He can always be depended on to do his very best; and no more can be asked of any man. As for Longboat's victory, it was somewhat unexpected, and is therefore perhaps all the more welcome to those who still persist in believing that if the Indian would only take care of himself and train faithfully, he has still in him the making of the world's greatest long distance runner.

* * *

"MY first-class cricket career is over, after a very long and delightful innings," writes the veteran cricketer W. G. Grace, in a little shilling volume just issued called "W. G.'s Little Book." In this he gives advice on batting, bowling, fielding, umpiring, and on cricket journalism.

"W. G." says that the lot of the professional cricketer of the present day compared with that of the past has changed very much for the better. If he is a sound man and has his heart in his work he really has a remarkably good time, especially if he has something at his back in the shape of a trade or business to fall back upon when the day comes that the county eleven is complete without him.

"W. G." says that the finest cutter he ever saw was the Hon. C. G. Lyttleton, now Viscount Cobham, and that Charles Fry is the best batsman.

Discussing cricket and golf, "W. G." says: "I am not at all sure that golf is a good game, from an educative point of view, for youngsters, as it must be admitted that in some respects golf is a selfish game, as each golfer plays for his personal advantage, and often glories in the mistakes of his opponents.

"There are a great variety of cricket strokes, and generally they are very

MR. W. G. LAIRD, the young Toronto golfer who defeated Mr. George Lyon.

different from golf strokes. Some people who ought to know better say the drive is the same in cricket as in golf; the differences in my opinion are these: The cricket stroke is a hit, and the golf drive should be a sweep or swing.

"Again, in driving or hitting in cricket the bat should be taken quickly straight up or back, but in golf the club should be taken slowly back and swept down in a different plane to that of the cricket drive. The secret of success in batting is that the batsman should get well over the ball and play with a straight bat. In most golf strokes the reverse is best. The grip in cricket and golf is quite different, notwithstanding what my friend George Beldam says about it.

"In cricket you grip the bat handle more or less tight with both hands, if anything firmer with the right hand, and one's thumbs are round the handle. In golf you grip the club with your fingers, and your thumb should be down the handle, or nearly so, and not round it, as in cricket, while your left hand should grip the handle like a vice. Then in golf you should make your body work on a definite axis in order to get the full body-power into your drive, and at the same time keep your head still. There is no twisting the body in the same way for any cricket stroke.

"There is one thing about the game that is not a little curious. How is it that first-class batsmen, really good-class players who have gone on for years hitting a fast moving ball with accuracy, find it so difficult to hit a stationary golf ball? It cannot be only because of the smaller size of the latter. I am inclined to think that the difference in the striking implement and the plane of the respective swings is the real trouble. A cricket bat should be swung perpendicularly for most driving purposes, while a golf club never should be."

* * *

THE first international athletic contest of the season in the Old World took place recently at St. Cloud, just outside Paris, France, between the Slade Francais and the Polytechnic Harriers of London. It was the fourth annual match and was won by the Englishmen by five events to two. The two events won by the Frenchmen were the 110 meter hurdles and the running high jump. In this latter contest the winner was G. Andre, who was one of the three men to tie in last year's Olympic games, with a jump of 6 feet 2 inches. He only cleared 5 feet 9 inches against the Polytechnics. Choisel, the French timber topper, gave a good display over the sticks, though his time of 16⅘ seconds was by no means wonderful. D. F. McNicol won the mile and three mile runs for the Britons, his time in the former being 4 minutes 28⅘ seconds, which is only a fraction outside of the French record. He covered the three miles in 16 minutes 2⅘ seconds.

The time for the 100 meters was 11⅘, by G. A. Hawkins, and the 400 meters was won by C. C. Davies in 51⅘ seconds. P. Markham won the broad jump with 20 feet 7 inches, and this made up the five wins for the Polytechnic team. Among the extra events was a ten mile scratch race, which created the most excitement, especially as H. F. Barrett, winner of the recent English Marathon, was among the starters. The crowd was somewhat disappointed over his showing, for he never figured prominently. The race all the way was between Lizandier of the Metropolitan Club and B. C. Long of the Polytechnic Harriers. The Englishman drew away toward the finish and won by about 350 yards from the Frenchman in 56 minutes 7 seconds.

* * *

THE Olympic games for 1916 will be held in Berlin, and in the way of taking time by the forelock the Germans have already started to build the stadium. According to the bits of news gleaned from the doings of the International Olympic Committee in its recent conclave the Germans withdrew in favor of Sweden for the 1912 fixture, but only on condition that Berlin would get the 1916 festival. This proposition of the Germans was agreed to, and after the conference adjourned the delegates visited the site of the Berlin stadium and looked it over. It is said that the plans show a defect, that the corners are too sharp, consequently the track will have some bad turns. The next meeting of the international council will be held at Budapest. It is a long time to be looking ahead to 1920, for it will not be possible for any other country to get an Olympic date till then.

* * *

ALL reports of the international polo games in England seem to agree in giving credit to the ponies of the American team as being faster, handier, and generally superior to those of their English antagonists. The importance of the part played by the ponies in a polo game is too often overlooked, and it is gratifying to note that in the present instance full credit is forthcoming for the equine contestants.

The ponies selected last winter for the Meadow Brook players were a picked lot, and they were trained and conditioned for their work with more care and skill than many race horses receive.

Besides being the pick of the country and as fit as fiddles, the American ponies have had one advantage over their adversaries which time may prove to be a telling one and of which no mention has yet been made. In all their games they have been shod with a new shoe, which experts here believe to be in large measure responsible for their acknowledged superiority on the field.

This shoe, known as Fox & Ellison's polo shoe, was designed by Joseph Ellison, who has plated the ponies of the Meadow Brook Club for twenty-five years or more. Instead of calks it has a sharp rim or ridge running the entire length of the shoe on the inner edge. This rim gives the pony a firm grip any way he strikes the ground, and it has the further advantage of safety to the wearer and to other ponies in the game. With the rim set in half an inch or more from the outside wall of the foot it becomes almost impossible for the pony to cut himself or to cut another horse. It is said to inspire confidence and courage and to work a decided improvement in the play of any pony on which it is used.

It is both singular and significant that when the last international matches were played, in 1902, the sweeping victory of the English team was attributed to the superiority of its ponies. The Americans were clearly outpaced and could neither start, turn, gallop nor stay with the English and Irish ponies. The situation is now exactly reversed, according to all reports from Hurlingham. British horsemen are lauding the visiting ponies to the skies, asserting that "probably the American team of ponies is the strongest there ever has been," and that "the pace of their ponies was the feature of the game."

PLAYFAIR.

He (just rejected)—I shall never marry now. She—Foolish man! Why not? He—If you won't have me, who will?—Boston Transcript.

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"Then buy Meerschaum Cut Plug, sir. It's already cut for you—sliced just right to smoke evenly.
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You'll like Meerschaum Cut Plug better than any other tobacco you have ever smoked. Try it on my recommendation."

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Toilet Soap (3 15c. cakes)	.45
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Mosquito Oil	.25
Liquid Court Plaster	.10
Adhesive Plaster	.10
Peroxide of Hydrogen	.25
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Total	$2.65

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It never sheds seeds or broken straws, for it is sewed firmly with five bands of specially prepared twine. Below the strings it has a long springy sweep.

Boeckh's Carpet Brooms are made with either bamboo or maple handles. We've made this broom particularly good, so we can guarantee it in every particular to give the highest satisfaction.

If you have been disappointed in the brooms you have been buying, ask your dealer to show you Boeckh's Imperial Carpet Broom—most dealers have them in stock—we know you will be pleased with the way it does its work and the length of time it lasts.

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DRAMA

MAUDE ADAMS
As Joan of Arc in "The Canterbury Pilgrims."

CLAYTON HAMILTON, who writes theatrical criticism for The Forum, is unquestionably one of the foremost dramatic critics in America, and his careful and scholarly work is always worth studying carefully. In the last issue of The Forum, he speaks on "The Paucity of Themes in the American Theatre." He says that as the final curtain falls upon the majority of the plays that somehow get themselves presented in the theatres of New York, the critical observer feels tempted to ask the playwright that simple question of young Peterkin in Robert Southey's ballad, "After Blenheim"—"Now tell us what 'twas all about"; and he suffers an uncomfortable feeling that the playwright will be obliged to answer in the words of old Kaspar, "Why, that I cannot tell." The critic has viewed a semblance of a dramatic struggle between puppets on the stage; but what they fought each other for he cannot well make out. And it is evident, in the majority of cases, that the playwright could not tell him if he would, for the reason that the playwright does not know. Not even the author can know what a play is all about when the play isn't about anything. And this, it must be admitted, is precisely what is wrong with the majority of the plays that are shown in our theatres, especially with plays written by American authors. They are not about anything; or, to say the matter more technically, they haven't any theme.

By a theme is meant some eternal principle, or truth, of human life—such a truth as might be stated by a man of philosophic mind in an abstract and general proposition—which the dramatist contrives to convey to his auditors concretely by embodying it in the particular details of his play. These details must be so selected as to represent at every point some phase of the central and informing truth, and no incidents or characters must be shown which are not directly or indirectly representative of the one thing which, in that particular piece, the author has to say. The great plays of the world have all grown endogenously from a single, central idea; or, to vary the figure, they have been spun like spider-webs, filament after filament, out of a central living source. But most of our native playwrights seem seldom to experience this necessary process of the imagination which creates. Instead of working from the inside out, they work from the outside in. They gather up a haphazard handful of theatric situations and try to string them together into a story; they congregate an ill-assorted company of characters and try to achieve a play by letting them talk to each other. Many of our playwrights are endowed with a sense of situation; several of them have a gift for characterization, or at least for caricature; and most of them can write easy and natural dialogue, especially slang. But very few of them start out with something to say. It would be easy to state in a single sentence the theme of "Le Tartufe," or of "Othello," or of "Ghosts." But who, after seeing four out of five of the American plays that are produced upon Broadway, could possibly tell in a single sentence what they were about? What, for instance—to mention only plays that did not fail—was "Via Wireless" about, or "The Fighting Hope," or even "The Man from Home"? Each of these was in some ways an interesting entertainment; but each was valueless as drama, because none of them conveyed to its auditors a theme which they might remember and weave into the texture of their lives.

For the only sort of play that permits itself to be remembered is a play that presents a distinct theme to the mind of the observer. It is ten years since I have seen "Le Tartufe," and six years since last I read it; and yet, since the theme is unforgettable, I could at any moment easily reconstruct the piece by restrospective imagination and summarize the action clearly in a paragraph. But on the other hand, I should at this moment find it impossible to recall, with sufficient clearness to summarize them, any of a dozen American plays which I have seen within the last six months. Details of incident or of character or of dialogue slip the mind and melt away like smoke into the air. To have seen a play without a theme is the same, a month or two later, as not to have seen a play at all. But a piece like "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," once seen, can never be forgotten; because the mind clings to the central proposition which the play was built in order to reveal, and from this ineradicable recollection may at any moment proceed by psychologic association to recall the salient concrete features of the action. To develop a play from a central theme is therefore the sole means by which a dramatist may insure his work against the iniquity of oblivion. In order that people may afterward remember what he has said, it is necessary for him to show them clearly and emphatically at the outset why he has undertaken to talk and precisely what he means to talk about.

Most of our American playwrights, like Juliet in the balcony scene, speak, yet they say nothing. They represent facts, but fail to reveal truths. What they lack is purpose. They collect instead of meditating; they invent, instead of wondering; they are clever, instead of being real. They are avid of details: they regard the part as greater than the whole. They deal with outsides and surfaces, not with centralities and profundities. They value acts more than they value the meanings of acts; they forget that it is in the motive rather than in the deed that Life is to be looked for.

* * *

Mr. R. S. Pigott and Mr. William Souter, of Toronto, will present a series of dramatic episodes in the Queen's Royal Casino, Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Friday evening, July 2. The programme will include songs by Mr. Pigott and Miss Laura Hughes, readings by Mr. William Souter, and a short play by Mr. Souter entitled "The Prize."

"You are charged with having violently assaulted the plaintiff while in a public resort. What have you to say?" "Judge, the orchestra was rendering the 'Sextette' from 'Lucia,' and that fellow sat right behind me and persisted in whistling it through his teeth." "The prisoner is discharged. The plaintiff is fined eleven dollars for action calculated to provoke an assault."—The Commoner.

"Isn't it a shame to keep those poor lions caged." "Lady," answered the keeper at the zoo, "they're much happier and safer there than they would be roaming the African jungles."—Washington Star.

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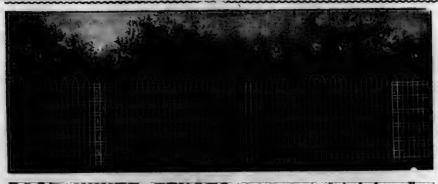

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MUSIC

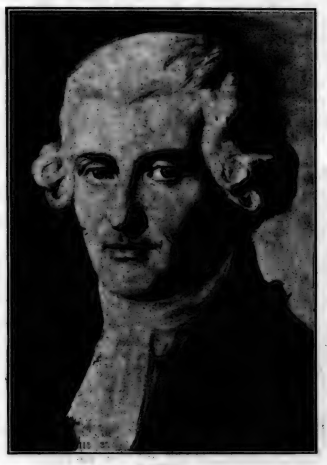
IN view of the prominent position which Toronto has achieved as a musical centre, some of its first modest steps in music's art are interesting by way of contrast. The earliest accessible records carry us back to about the year 1818, when the sole instrumental artist of the town of York was a Mr. Maxwell, "distinguished for his quiet manner, for the shade over one eye, in which was some defect, and for his homely skill on the violin." Mr. Maxwell, as may be imagined, was indispensable at all the entertainments, public and private, where music was required. He was often heard at Frank's Hotel, corner of Market lane, in which the first theatre of York was roughly extemporized. He died in Toronto after a chequered career of many years, but did little, one suspects, to forward an advance in musical progress. With military music the townsmen were, of course, familiarized by the occasional performances of the regimental bands which were stationed here from time to time. The ecclesiastical music of those days was characterized by a rustic simplicity that may provoke a smile in these times of large choirs and monster organs. At the "church of St. James," a Mr. Hetherington, "a functionary of the old country village stamp" officiated as clerk, and his mode of procedure was to announce the psalm or hymn, give out the tune on the bassoon, and then accompany the few vocalists present with original and often grotesque improvisations on that instrument. At one time a choir was formed at the church with a bass-viol, clarionet, and bassoon as the accompanying instruments, and Mr. Hetherington was on on occasion granted £20 a year for giving instruction in church music. The name of Dr. Burnside as a patron of vocal music is deserving of kindly mention. The successor of Mr. Hetherington was a Mr. John Fenton, a versatile and somewhat eccentric genius, whose acquisitions ranged from a knowledge of music to a theoretical acquaintance with the manufacture of steel. Pittsburg millionaires, please note to what heights the art of music has sometimes soared. Mr. Fenton's practice was to give out a portion of "Brady and Tate," and "sing it as a solo with graceful variations, to some popular melody." He subsequently removed to the United States where he obtained Holy Orders in the Episcopal church. In 1831 Mr. James Baxter organized and led a choir at an old Methodist church somewhere on King street. It is said that he also formed and taught the first singing-class ever in existence in Toronto. Some years after he removed to the old George street Methodist church, and led the music there with an instrumental accompaniment of flutes, violins, a violoncello and trombone. A certain Mr. Turpin was the violoncellist, and a Mr. Manley manipulated the slide of the trombone with great dexterity. Mr. John Baxter, afterwards Alderman, was then the principal *alto* of the choir. During a period of some twenty-five years Mr. Baxter was associated with the choirs of Methodist churches on Queen street west, Bloor street and Richmond street. Afterwards his son, Mr. James Baxter, was for many years the organist of Queen street Methodist church, retiring from that position within the last ten years. Space does not admit of an extended account of the doings of other worthies in the early days, but the names of Dr. McCaul, Dr. J. P. Clarke, Mr. J. D. Humphreys, Dr. Strathy, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Schallehn are deserving of mention. Many other features might be referred to, notably the feud between the Carterites and the Onionites, two rival singing societies, but these records must be left for some future occasion.

* * *

Beginning with Thursday of last week and ending with Wednesday of the present one, a series of very excellent and interesting musicals formed part of the programme of the art section of National Congress of Women. Papers on music and kindred art topics were read at 2 o'clock of the afternoon session each day, and at 3.15 the musical programmes were rendered. The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the latter: On Thursday, Miss Mona Bates, Miss Bertha Crawford, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. R. S. Pigott, Mr. P. R. Hollinshead. On Friday, Mrs. Dilworth and the Toronto String Quartette (Messrs. Blachford, Roberts, Smith, Nicolai). On Monday, Miss Ethel S. Drummond, Mrs. A. H. C. Proctor, Miss Muriel Millichamp, Miss Eugenie Quehen, Mrs. Thos. Knowlton, Mrs. Hodgetts, Miss Mary Morley, Mr. George Dickson, Mr. Hartwell De Mille. On Tuesday, Miss Bernice Van Horn, Miss May Hinckley, Mr. Ernest Seitz, Mr. Carl Hunter, Mr. Arthur Blight. On Wednesday, Miss Hope Morgan, Miss Mary L. Caldwell, Mr. John Linden.

* * *

Messrs. Grant Balfour and James H. Murray, of Toronto, are responsible for the words and music respectively of a new patriotic song entitled "Britannia." The words have a very timely significance, and are well supported by music of straightforward and simple dignity. The composer has taken care to provide a singable melody which does not go beyond the range of the average voice. The harmonization in four parts is effectively worked out, and a vigorous martial style is the result. The piano accompaniment is more than a mere duplication of the vocal parts, and displays for the composer a scholarly knowledge of his subject, although simplicity has never been lost sight of. William Briggs, Toronto, is the publisher.



HAYDN.

* * *

The "closing" concert given on Thursday evening of last week by the Metropolitan School of Music in West Association Hall, under the musical direction of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, was an eminently successful event, and attracted a very large audience.

The programme was in its character worthy of the nature of the occasion, and the manner of its delivery reflected infinite credit upon the performers and their teachers. Those contributing were: Norma Cumming, Isabel Laidlaw, Eva Hall, Edith M. Yates, Frances J. Williams, Arthur Singer, and C. Bruce Metcalfe, pianists; Olive Lavack and Howard Russell, vocalists; Marjorie Gray, reader; Kate Archer and her pupils, Francis Kingston and Frieda Spencer, violinists. Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, at a second piano, participated in concerto by Miss Williams, and Mrs. F. H. Coombs and Miss Valborg M. Zollner played the accompaniments to the vocal numbers. About a dozen young people were presented with Piano Teachers' Certificates, and one received a Violin Teachers' Certificate. In addition, the Hon. Thomas Crawford, president of the Metropolitan School of Music (who made a most felicitous address), gave out a very large number of other certificates, and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth made some special presentations, as follows: The Hon. Thomas Crawford's (annual) gold medal to Miss Edith M. Yates, the "Heintzman & Co." scholarship to Mr. C. Bruce Metcalfe; the "E. B. Osler" scholarship to Miss Mary P. Tait, and the "Mason & Risch" scholarship to Miss Hilda Love.

* * *

Many of those who attended a recent recital of Central Presbyterian church, Hamilton, when George Fox, the well-known violinist played, were struck by the lovely tone of his instrument. He informed some of his friends that he secured it in Atlanta, Ga., while on a tour through the Southern States about two years ago. It is of old German make, and was made in 1700, by Johann Sebastian Habet. The instrument has been given much use, but is in a good state of preservation, and it is evident that it has been always in loving hands. It has been repaired in several places, but always so neatly that the breaks are scarcely discernible. The grain of the wood is beautifully marked, and the varnish fresh and clear. Mr. Fox is naturally very proud of the instrument and says he would not take $1,200 for it if he were inclined to sell it, which he is not.

* * *

The London Daily Telegraph says of a Canadian operatic artist's debut in the British metropolis: "A successful first appearance in London was made by Mr. Edmund Burke, a Canadian bass-baritone who has been singing at The Hague Opera House. His voice is rich and powerful. His delivery of Massenet's 'Vision Fugitive,' and the air, 'Quand la flamme de l'Amour' from Bizet's 'La Jolie Fille de Perth,' proved remarkably dramatic and effective, and he was rewarded with prolonged applause. Mr. Burke should be heard again and soon." The London Musical News said: "He has a voice of great richness and power, which, however, is under admirable control, and as he is obviously an artist of temperament, his rendering of the air 'Vision Fugitive' from Massenet's 'Herodiade,' and the aria, 'Quand le flamme de l'Amour' from Bizet's 'La Jolie Fille de Perth,' marked him as a singer of the highest distinction."

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

On Thursday evening of last week the choir of Wesley Methodist church met in the church parlors, and after enjoying a social hour together, presented Mr. G. D. Atkinson with a gold-headed cane, in token of the appreciation felt respecting his service as organist and choirmaster. Mr. Atkinson takes up his new duties at St. Paul's Methodist church on the last Sunday in August.

On Friday evening, Mr. Atkinson gave an opening recital upon the new tubular-pneumatic organ which has been installed by the Warren Church Organ Co. in St. John's Anglican church, Bowmanville. Although the organ is a small one, Mr. Atkinson reports that the voicing is excellent, and the action and general mechanism are very satisfactory.

* * *

Mrs. G. B. McLellan, of Moose Jaw, is at present in the city, studying the Myers Music Method for children. Mrs. McLellan will be better remembered as Miss Elizabeth Cannington, who, when resident here, was a member of the piano faculty of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. It is gratifying to know that Mrs. McLellan still keeps up her interest in music, and that she has had considerable success with her piano pupils in the West.

Do some men a favor and they will do you two. Do some other men a favor and they will do you twice.—July Smart Set.

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SOCIETY

A very delightful and informal *al fresco* tea was given at Mrs. H. P. Dwight's as a farewell to Mrs. Donald Ross, who returned this week to her home in Winnipeg. Mrs. Ross and her little son have been gladdening the home of her parents with a visit of some weeks, and all their Toronto friends have been glad to see them and entertain Mrs. Ross informally. Mrs. Harton Walker poured tea at a cosy little table set on the verandah overlooking the garden, and the "girls," married and single, grouped on the steps or on the lawn and had a very happy hour together.

Miss Isabel Jackson sailed for England this week. Miss Beatrice Cosgrave has gone to England to visit Mrs. Jack Ryan, who has a place in Surrey. Miss Marguerite Pigott is back from Washington, and was with her parents at Westbourne School closing. Mr. Boyce Thompson has gone to Vancouver. Mr. and Mrs. Coyne, of St. Thomas, with Miss Foster, of Bedford road, spent Wednesday at the Falls. The Coynes are the guests of Mrs. Foster.

Mrs. Walter Cassels and Miss Susie Cassels are visiting Miss Harriet Cassels in the Eastern States.

Branksome Hall and St. Margaret's College are close together in Bloor street east, so that it is little wonder that some of the foreign lady delegates, getting out without their hostesses, dropped into the first-named seat of learning where a closing was in progress, instead of proceeding further to St. Margaret's, where they were expected. Hostesses vainly demanded from the jolly crowd of press women and delegates where on earth their special delegates could be, until some bright intellect suggested to hunt for them at Branksome Hall. There they were found, having a happy time, unconscious of the fact that they had stormed the wrong tea, and being hailed confused and mirthful to the correct rendezvous, by relieved chaperone hostesses. Scores of the most utterly funny contretemps of this sort have enlivened the days of hosts and guests during the Quinquennial, but all have ended happily.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Maulson announce the engagement of their daughter, Violet Helen, to Wm. M. Temple, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Temple.

The engagement of Miss Frances Morris and Mr. Harry Mickle is announced. Miss Morris has gone to England.

SATURDAY NIGHT's last portrait of a "Canadian Serving the King" bore the title "Lieut. Stratton H. Ashler." This was a misprint. The young officer's name is Lieut. Stratton H. Osler.

Mrs. S. R. Wilkinson, of Bermuda, is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Bilkey, at 212 Jones avenue.

Mr. Frederick Gearing and Mrs. Gearing have left town and will be living at Port Credit for the summer.

The foundations of Mr. J. C. Eaton's future palatial home on Davenport Hill, formerly Mrs. Arthur's residential property, are taking shape enough to give an idea of the plan—an immense southern frontage and a large area generally.

The annual statement of the Home Bank of Canada, shown in detail in another column, indicates a most prosperous year of business. The paid-up capital of the bank now amounts to a little over a million dollars, an increase of $107,000 over last year. The deposits during the year have increased by nearly a million, while upward of $35,000 was added to the reserve account, making it equal to thirty-three per cent. of the paid-up capital. The total assets show an increase of $1,182,000. The report of the directors indicates that the bank's northwest connections are extremely valuable, and no less than 350 farmers are now numbered among the shareholders.

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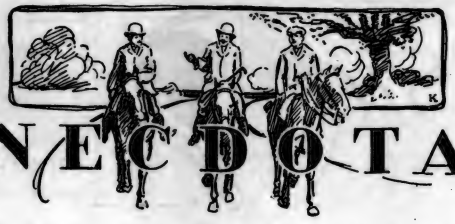
Barber (rather slow): Beg pardon, sir, but your hair is turning a bit gray.

Victim: Shouldn't wonder. Look at the time I've been here.—Chicago Daily News.



ANECDOTAL

A GOOD many years ago a prominent railway contractor was in Sir William Van Horne's office at the C.P.R. headquarters at Montreal talking over some work that was in progress.

The contractor and Sir William (says The Montreal Star) had a pretty lively discussion, and the former suddenly said:

"Who is your chief engineer?"

"I am the chief engineer," said Sir William.

"Well," said the contractor, "you had better get another. You are going to have a bad accident, and the first thing you know you'll be sent to jail."

Sir William punched a bell, and Mr. P. A. Peterson responded.

"Peterson," said Sir William, "you have served us long and faithfully, and you are hereby appointed chief engineer of the C.P.R."

* * *

A NEW reporter was told one night to go on board a sleeping-car, find an all-important politician and interview him.

Some hours later Bud strolled calmly into the office and stated that after a personal search of every car on the train, he had failed to find him.

"Do you mean to say that you looked into all the sleeping-car berths, Bud?"

"Yes, that's what I did," said Bud.

"But, Bud," the editor exclaimed in consternation, "weren't there a good many of these berths occupied by ladies?"

"Sure," said Bud.

"But what did you do when you found a lady who had retired?"

"When I burst the curtain open and looked in and a woman jumped up and screamed, I took off my hat and says: 'That's all right, lady, you ain't the man I'm looking for!'"

* * *

A BIG negro and a small Italian were sawing a large timber, for a subway, with a heavy cross-cut saw, each in turn pulling it back and forth. A pugilistic Irishman stopped to watch the operation. In a minute he hit the negro, saying:

"Give the saw to the little fellow if he wants it."

* * *

AN English workman was ill, and one of his friends called to see him.

"Bill," said the visitor, "I've come to cheer you up a bit like. I've brought yer a few flahrs, Bill. I fought if I was too late they'd come in 'andy for a wreaf, yer know. Don't get down-'earted, Bill. Lummy, don't you look gashly! But theree, keep up yer spirits, ole sport; I've come to see yer an' cheer yer up a bit. Nice little room you 'ave 'ere, but as I sez to meself when I was o-comin' up: 'Wot 'a orkard staircase to get a coffin dahn!'"

* * *

THE family horse, who rejoiced in the eminently proper equine name of Dobbin, had earned a rest by long service, and was accordingly sent away to the country to spend his declining years in the broad pastures of a farmer friend of his owner. The distance being somewhat excessive for his rheumatic legs, he was shipped to his new home by rail.

Little Edna, the family four-year-old, viewed the passing of Dobbin with unfeigned sorrow. She sat for a long time gazing disconsolately out of the window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a more cheerful expression, and said:

"Did old Dobbin go on the choo-choo cars, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," answered her mother.

A broad grin spread over the little girl's face. "I was just thinking," she said, "how funny he must feel sitting up on the plush cushions."

* * *

MRS. SPARLINGTON'S old classmate, still unmarried, was making her first call after a long trip abroad. Little Ralph Sparlington, six years of age, was playing with a woolly horse on the drawing-room floor.

"Ah, my dear Frances," sighed Mrs. Sparlington, "I have often envied you while you were away. No cares. No responsibilities. You are indeed fortunate not to have the worry, the strain, the fatigue, the heavy burden, of bringing up a child.

"Won't you please say the rest of that in French, mamma?" asked Ralph.

"Were you listening, Rafey?" inquired his mother.

"Yes, mamma," replied the child. "And I'll tell you this—it ain't any cinch to *be* brought up."

* * *

THE young minister temporarily officiating at Hankins's Falls for the summer met Ehud Leffingwell as he was walking to church on Sunday morning.

"How do, Mister Leffingwell?" he cried, cheerfully. "Going to church this beautiful morning?"

"Hay?" asked Ehud, who was pretty hard of hearing. "Hay?"

"Are—you—coming—to—church?" roared the minister.

"Nuh," Ehud responded. "Lookin' fer my caow. She must 'a' got out the barn las' night. Unhooked the hasp, I cal-late, an' jest strayed—"

"Come—on—to church," the minister shouted cordially, "and after preaching I'm tell the congregation, and they'll help you. You'll get your cow much quicker."

"B'jocks! I'll go ye," said Ehud, heartily, and he fell into step with the young minister. At the church door he was overcome by modesty and, declaring that he didn't have his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes on, insisted upon sitting in one of the most distant pews.

He didn't hear the sermon at all, but he could tell when it was over by seeing the young minister fold up his manuscript and put it away. This done, the young man began to make announcements. Ehud raised his right hand in a great leathery scoop behind his ear, but still he heard nothing.

"My dear friends," said the minister, "It affords me great pleasure to tell you that on Tuesday evening next, at the hour of six o'clock, there will be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents the wedding of Mr. Edward Stoutenboro, one of our most esteemed and promising young men, and that charming, estimable young lady—as beautiful as she is good—Miss Mehitabel Dodsworth."

As the minister ceased everybody was astonished to see Ehud Leffingwell arise in his pew.

"An' ye might add, parson," he shouted, "that her eyes ain't mates an' she's a leetle mite lame in the off hind leg."

* * *

THE fond mother had brought in her first baby for Mr. Sortleigh's inspection.

"You know," she exclaimed, "every mother thinks her baby is the best in the world, but mine just proves it."

"What can he do?"

"Everything."

"Does he walk?"

"Walk. Why, he's only six weeks old! But just let me hold him in my arms, and see how perfectly he executes the Highland fling."

"Er—can he say 'Mamma?'"

"Oh, no, Mr. Softleigh. But he can imitate a steam-engine."

"How?"

"He puffs out his little cheeks, so, and says 'Oo! Oo!'"

"Can he—er—crawl?"

"You silly man! Of course not; he's much too young."

"What else can he do?"

"Now, you watch him as I take him up in my arms. See how he smiles at me, and notice how intelligently he—breathes!"

* * *

CARUSO, the great opera singer, tells of a lady's maid's artless criticism of an amateur singer whose methods were of the strained order. The maid was brushing her mistress' hair when she mentioned that she had heard Miss Bird sing in the parlor the night before.

"And how did you like it?" asked the mistress.

"Oh, mum," answered the maid, "it wuz beautiful! She sung just as if she wuz gargling!"

* * *

A YOUNG couple had taken a house in an exclusive neighborhood, and wished to make a good impression at the very beginning of their social career. They were handicapped, however, by the difficulty of securing good servants.

They finally secured one, Norah, a very recent arrival from Kilkenny, but the best they could find. This maid's duty was to answer the front door bell and carry the cards of any visitors to her mistress. She was rehearsed repeatedly in her role, her mistress telling her exactly what to say, and how to carry her silver salver.

But, in spite of the training, Norah's mistress awaited the hour of her first dinner-party with trepidation, and at the first sound of the door bell she could not resist the impulse to listen at the head of the stairs.

Norah rushed to the door excitedly without her salver; but as she opened it and saw visitors standing there, she recollected her instructions, and, throwing up her hands, exclaimed, in a voice of heartbroken dismay:

"B' the howly St. Patrick, Oi forgot me pan!"

* * *

A PRETTY young English woman seated at dinner next to Father Healy, the witty Irish priest, said to him:

"They tell me, Father Healy, that you have no mistletoe in your country?"

"Is that so, my dear young lady? Now I think of it, I believe it is true."

"Then what do the boys and girls do at Christmas time without it?"

"Is it kissing you mean, my dear? Sure, they do it under the nose!"

TACTFUL TACTICS.

Miss Saphron—Do you sell anything to restore the complexion?

Chemist—Restore! You mean *preserve*, miss. (Deal to the amount of 17s. 6d. immediately executed.)—The Tatler.

Mrs. Jonah Q. Perks (on her first visit to Paris—addressing Maitre d'otel)—"Say—er—Gassong, oo ay le dining-room?"

Maitre d'Hotel—"First floor on the right, Madame."

Mrs. J. Q. P. (with relief)—"Oh! you speak English?"—Punch.

Over 20 Million cups of CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE were drunk in Canada during last year.

Why!

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

THE CHARM OF THE ANTIQUE

Any genuine antique possesses a charm that can never be held by the new or novel. Old furniture, rare china, time-worn brass, all have an attraction for the art lover.

But you must be sure your antiques are genuine. You can be certain of the authenticity and intrinsic worth of all Jenkins Antiques.

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Phone Main 5900

Big Reservations Opened

In July, 1909, three more Indian Reservations will be opened to the white man. All directly on, or adjacent to the

Northern Pacific R'y

¶ The Flathead, in the most picturesque part of the Rockies, has 450,000 acres of the very finest of agricultural and grazing lands. A government reclamation project will also make a large part of it very attractive.

¶ The Coeur d'Alene, just east of the city of Spokane, Washington. On Coeur d'Alene Lake, has about 200,000 acres, including timber lands.

¶ The Spokane, north of the city of Spokane, has about 50,000 acres. ¶ The Flathead lands are appraised at $1.25 to $7.00 an acre—the others not yet appraised.

¶ Registration for all these lands extends from July 15 to August 5, 1909. Drawing will take place August 9, 1909. Entries will not be made before April 1, 1910.

For the Flathead land, registration is at Missoula, Montana.
For Coeur d'Alene land at Coeur d'Alene City, Idaho.
For Spokane land at Spokane, Washington.
For detailed information regarding lands etc., write to
C. W. MOTT, Gen. Emig. Agent
Northern Pacific R'y. ST. PAUL, MINN.
For full information about Summer Tourist and Homeseekers' fares and train service write to
WM. G. MASON, District Passenger Agent
215 Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

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HOLBROOK'S

Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.

SAUCE

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

Lady Gay's Column

If the first trouble in man's history arose from something Adam to eat, was stated by the speakers at the Woman's It sounds like a tart little whether one endorses it or fact is well known to any student of mankind that bad responsible for much drinking, drinking for five-tenths of and shame and sorrow It should be a serious aim every woman to make the most best out of every culinary op- and the woman who does as the talent for cookery, need very serious trouble in man- men-folk. There is nothing sizes up more justly than the a good cook. It's something this talent of hers, and something he can prove to his delight every day. A great and wise care of what one gives Adam to eat, will often avert expulsion from a lover's paradise.

The good old style English are very hot over Lloyd-George and his budget. I have a correspondent who sends me over some very strong talk on the subject, and begs me to write the truth about the political *faux-pas*. I have a certain dislike to tackle a subject in regard to which I have evolved no convictions, and one can't help feeling that the English voters might form more satisfactory objects for bombardment by my clever correspondent than I, who know nothing of English politics, finance or social questions more than what others tell me. In the meantime I am hearing some queer things about the new German battleships, their limited fuel-carrying capacity, for instance, which suggest a sinister thought. Whether there be war or peace in the heart of Germany just now is an open question. Kings may kiss at the same time that their subjects are sharpening swords and casting bullets.

Among the minor afflictions befalling the Englishwoman who has a high standard of manners and morals is the difficulty of guarding her young male and female from the wave of decadence now fairly rousing what is called the Smart Set. The carryings-on of country house parties, formerly the jolliest and safest company for the happy, healthy young folks of upper circles, where the English love for outdoor sports and games had full swing, are now notorious, even had Elinor Glyn and her pernicious writers not exploited them in print. It seems to me that as the Smart Set grow more larky, imbecile, and indecent, the folk on whom they are modeling their vicious pranks grow more sedate and conventional. It isn't many seasons ago that one read of a home party, a club-house party, of actors and demi-mondaines in the Adirondacks or thereabouts, when the court brought out in evidence that the men paraded about all day in pyjamas, at which all good people were horribly shocked. One shrugged the shoulders and thought it quite likely, since no feeling of respect and consideration for their companions was there to make this suggestive attire impossible. But the idea appealed to the brainless Johnnies of the Smart Set in England and their deplorably deficient women friends, and lo! manicure parties in night-attire of the most beautiful silken texture were the fashion among men and women in really smart house parties, the manipulation of each other's nails being proceeded with in great earnestness and enjoyment! One is reminded of Byron's cynical lines about the waltz "If nothing follows all this palming work?" In our clean Canadian life we may be reasonably sure no such goings-on would be tolerated; we have our plague spots, perhaps, but indecency isn't one of them.

One of the weaknesses of great meetings of women is the lack of carrying quality in the voices of the speakers. One of my original suggestions which shares the fate of most of the valuable ideas I offer to unreceptive ladies is that the Woman's Council have trained men readers of attractive presence and good elocutionary powers to deliver the often valuable and clever papers which the women of many lands have been offering to the first few rows of their audiences recently. Of course, they won't hear of such a notion. But all the same, I wish something of the sort might be arranged, to avoid the exhausting strain their hearers are under when sundry dames go through facial motions purporting to be speech, but only accepted as such by the exercise of a faith which is the evidence of things not heard. There was no languid lung power evinced by the ladies to whom I mentioned this idea, but we were in our home, not in a crowded Convocation Hall of vast area. There, the disconcerting cry from the gallery of "Louder!" was enough to rob the gentle-voiced speaker of her last breath, and to destroy the atmosphere congenial to eloquence. Figure to yourself the pleasant change of hearkening to a dramatic, musical, ample, male voice, as you are perched in some remote nook of the auditorium!

The cat and dog controversy has had the birds entered for the third contestant for survival. Dogs chivy cats, cats eat birds, birds don't do a thing but pick up bugs and insects inimical to plant and grain life. But let us carry on the argument. Did you have spring lamb for dinner? Was the salmon or whitefish to your taste? How many squabs and broilers hast thou consumed in a month? Verily, the human out-eats the record of the cats, and out-runs the hunting exploits of the dog! And never a caterpillar or potato bug to his credit at all!

LADY GAY.

LADY ARTHUR PAGET
Who was recently the King's hostess at her place at Coombe Warren, Richmond.

Notabilities as Smokers.

During the last few days the Sultan of Turkey was shut up in the Yildiz Kiosk he is said to have smoked over thirty cigarettes every hour to "cool his nerves." For years Abdul Hamid (says London Tit-Bits) has smoked dozens of strong cigarettes every day, and it can be said without fear of contradiction that he has been the most ardent devotee of the fragrant weed that was ever seated upon a throne.

King Edward likes cigars, cigarettes and a pipe. He, however, has no liking for American-made cigarettes, his favorites being mild Turkish. In his young days His Majesty smoked cigarettes and nothing else, but now he is more fond of a good cigar than "tobacco wrapped in paper." His everyday cigar is specially made for him in Cuba of the finest tobacco.

The German Emperor smokes cigars and cigarettes out of doors, but when in the privacy of his study he puffs at a small wooden pipe of the type favored by the average smoker and costing about half a crown. The Kaiser consumes various kinds of tobacco, sometimes a mixture, and his cigars, which come from Cuba, cost about two shillings each.

The King of Spain keeps strictly to the cigarette. This is rolled in paper ungummed and requires very careful smoking to keep whole. Alfonso's cigarette is about as peculiar as the cigar which the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria used to smoke. The latter was fitted with a straw tube and had to be held in a candle flame for a minute or two before it could be made to draw.

The Czar of Russia and the Prince of Wales favor the pipe when in private, but their smoking implements are of little value. A small pipe of the "bulldog" type is affected by each and the tobacco they consume is of the common, inexpensive kind.

Bismarck was an ardent devotee of the weed and it was his boast that he consumed over 100,000 cigars in fifty years. Thomas Alva Edison probably holds the record for the number of cigars smoked daily by one man, for he has confessed that while ten cigars are his normal allowance, he consumes double that number when deeply absorbed in work. Edwin Booth, the tragedian, often smoked twenty-five cigars a day, and his dresser used to stand in the wings with a lighted cigar in his hand ready for the great actor when he made his exit. Dr. Norman Macleod, a famous Scottish preacher, used to keep a box of cigars in his vestry, and after service would regale himself with a "puff," much to the horror of his elders.

Tennyson's love for his pipe was proverbial. It was the great poet's boon companion, and an Irish clay was his favorite. Baskets of clay pipes ready for use were stacked around the walls of his study, and as many as 200 were to be found lying loose on the floor.

QUEEN OF LAKE TEMISKAMING.

The Bellevue House Adds a Beauty to its Fleet.

Mr. John Lumsden, the proprietor of the Bellevue House, Temiskaming Station, Que., is the proud possessor of one of the finest gasoline launches in Canada. The boat, which was built by Mr. M. L. Butler, Brighton, Ont., is 32 feet in length and handsomely finished throughout in solid mahogany. Perfect comfort for the occupants seems to have been the aid of the designer, Mr. F. Gilbert, of Brockville. The engine, a six cylinder Fairbanks Morse New Model gasoline engine, is placed out of the way in a covered bow of the boat, every lever being within a few inches of the operator's hand or foot, while the pit is fitted with handsome cushioned seats and rattan lounging chairs. It is a very easy and smooth riding launch, and will, no doubt, be the centre of admiration around the Bellevue, on the occasion of the formal opening of this delightful summer hotel on July 10.

Mr. H. T. Fitzsimmons, formerly connected with the Belvidere Hotel at Parry Sound and the Grand Union Hotel, Ottawa, will have charge of affairs at the picturesque Bellevue this season. Under his capable management, there is no doubt this hostelry will enjoy the greatest season in its history.

Mr. Highlive (looking up from the paper)—Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors. Mrs. Highlive (glancing at his nose)—I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned.—New York Weekly.

"How does it happen that a third of the population of your vast country is in the East?" asked the visitor. "I presume that the discomfort of riding brakebeams has to be regarded as a factor," explained the native student of sociology.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Chappie—That fellow over there cheated me out of a cool million. Clubleigh—How could he? Chappie—Wouldn't let me marry his daughter!—The Club Fellow.

"How did Tom manage to get so much of his uncle's estate?" "He married his lawyer's only daughter."—Boston Globe.

THEY *ALL* REMEMBERED THE

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A vacation *without* a Kodak is a vacation wasted. A Kodak doubles the value of every journey and adds to the pleasure, present and future, of every outing. Take a Kodak with you. *Kodaks, $5.00 to $100; Brownie Cameras, (They work like Kodaks), $1.00 to $12.00.*

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Dewar's Whisky and Common Sense
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THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE

The purest and most delicious of malt beverages. Brewed as they brew it in Pilsen. Every bottle pasteurized. Ask your dealer for

The Beer with a Reputation

O'K

HOME BANK GAINS MILLION

Deposits Have Taken Big Jump in the Year.

GAIN IN PROFITS ALSO

Annual Meeting Held Yesterday—Mr. John Kennedy Addresses the Shareholders.

The annual meeting of The Home Bank of Canada was held at the head office, 8 King Street west, yesterday afternoon. The statement submitted for the fiscal year ending May 31st, 1909, showed that deposits had increased, roundly, one million dollars; the reserve has been maintained at a sum equal to one-third of the paid-up capital; dividends have been paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, quarterly; nearly fifty-six thousand dollars have been carried forward into the Profit and Loss Account for next year.

The statement for the year ending May 31st is as follows:

Profit and Loss Account.

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st May, 1908		$ 30,953 32
Net profits for the year after deducting charges of management, accrued interest, full provision for bad and doubtful debts, and rebate of interest on unmatured bills		83,957 98
		$114,911 30
Premium on Capital Stocks received during the year		32,077 90
		$146,989 20
Which has been appropriated as follows:—		
Dividend No. 7, quarterly, at rate of 6 p.c. per annum	$13,493 29	
Dividend No. 8, quarterly, at rate of 6 per cent. per annum	13,689 15	
Dividend No. 9, quarterly, at rate of 6 per cent. per annum	13,980 10	
Dividend No. 10, quarterly, at rate of 6 p.c. per annum	14,249 03	
		0 55,411 55
Transferred to Rest Account		35,948 00
Balance carried forward		55,629 65
		$146,989 20

The Bank's Liabilities.

To the Public:—		
Notes of the Bank in circulation		$ 635,505 00
Deposits not bearing interest	$1,026,261 56	
Deposits bearing interest	4,838,244 20	
		5,864,505 70
Balances due other banks in Canada		8,521 86
Balances due Agents in Great Britain		12,670 94
		$6,512,203 56
To the Shareholders:—		
Capital (subscribed $1,067,800.00), paid up	$1,000,958 68	
Rest	333,653 00	
Dividends unclaimed	289 87	
Dividend No. 10 (quarterly), being at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable June 1, 1909	14,249 03	
Profit and Loss Account carried forward	55,629 65	
		1,404,880 23
		$7,917,183 79

The Bank's Assets.

Gold and Silver Coin	$ 60,121 00	
Dominion Government Notes	619,963 50	
		680,084 50
Deposit with Dominion Government as security for Note Circulation		42,000 00
Notes and Cheques of other Banks		222,073 36
Balances due from other Banks in Canada		470,542 81
Balances due from Agents in Foreign Countries		105,686 25
Railway, Municipal and other Bonds		336,594 05
Call Loans secured by Bonds, Stocks and Debentures		1,808,391 28
		$3,765,372 25
Current Loans and Bills Discounted	$3,867,456 55	
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	25,136 77	
Bank Premises, Safes and Office Furniture	210,115 66	
Other Assets	28,102 56	
		$4,130,811 54
		$7,917,183 79

Those Present.

Among those present at the annual general meeting were: E. O'Keefe, Thomas Flynn, E. G. Gooderham, W. Parkyn Murray, Lieut.-Col. J. I. Davidson, Lieut.-Col. J. Mason, F. E. Luke, George F. Burns, Wm. Crocker, C. B. Powell, Colin Burgess, Edward Galley, H. C. Funck, L. H. Baldwin, A. W. Thomas, Isaac Moody, J. Cooper Mason, J. O. Paterson, R. B. Street, H. T. Kelly, K.C.; W. T. Kernahan, W. H. Partridge, J. M. Clark, K.C.; John Kennedy, Swan River, Man.; T. J. Healey, Widmer Hawke, H. W. Evans, H. G. Hopkirk, John Batho, C. E. P. McWilliams, H. Flanagan, Wm. Lavole, Paris, Ont.; L. J. Applegath, George F. Clare.

The Report of the Directors.

On motion of J. M. Clark, K.C., seconded by Mr. John Kennedy, the president, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, took the chair, and the general manager, Lieut.-Col. James Mason, acted as secretary.

Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, the president, presented the report of the directors:

"The directors have pleasure in submitting to the shareholders the fourth annual report, giving the result of the bank's business for the year ending May 31st, 1909, together with the balance sheet of the bank to that date.

"Rates for money ruled lower, but the results of the year's business and the progress made by the bank were satisfactory.

"Four quarterly dividends amounting to 6 per cent. on the paid-up capital have been paid and provided for, a sum has been added to the rest, sufficient to make that account equal to one-third of the paid-up capital, and $55,629.65 has been carried forward to the credit of the profit and loss account.

"The connection established in the North-West referred to in the last annual report is proving to be a valuable one, three new branches have been opened there, and some three hundred and thirty farmers have already become shareholders. The number is steadily increasing, and while in most cases their holdings are but limited in extent, the bank should in time derive much advantage from having a large body of shareholders of so valuable a class in that important section of the Dominion.

"The expectations regarding the crops in the North-West mentioned in the last annual report, were fully realized, and the prospects for the current year promise fair results.

"The usual examination by the directors of the treasury and securities was made, and the branches inspected."

The President's Address.

In moving the adoption of the report the President, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, said:

"When we had the pleasure of meeting you a year ago at our last annual meeting, we stated that the crop prospects in the North-West and in different parts of Ontario were promising, and if expectations were realized the financial stringency, which then prevailed, would have passed away before we met again. I think it is now safe to say that this has taken place, and confidence once more restored. The outlook for the present season in the North-West and Ontario, according to the latest crop reports, is encouraging, and we may naturally look for a good harvest. Last year the harvest was satisfactory in practically all sections of the North-West, and there are now 11,110,000 acres under cultivation, an increase over last year of 700,000 acres, although owing to unfavorable conditions in the earlier part of the season, lesser wheat has been sown and coarser grains taken its place.

"As there was not the same demand for money during the past year, there was naturally a depreciation in the rate of interest secured for good loans, and particularly for call loans on the collateral security of stocks, bonds and debentures. Banks generally found some difficulty in keeping all their funds employed in desirable loans, and consequently we had at times a considerable amount of uninvested funds on hand, but following the same conservative policy, that we have on former occasions referred to, we deemed it more advisable to carry a larger proportion of uninvested funds and to accept only loans that were unquestionably good.

"Our paid-up capital now amounts to a little over $1,000,000, an increase of over $107,000 since last year, and our shareholders, who numbered 502 last year, now number 891.

"Our deposits have increased by nearly $1,000,000, of which $732,000 has been added to the savings accounts and $240,000 to the current accounts, an increase to the total deposits of about 20 per cent., a very satisfactory result, we consider. Our circulation is also somewhat in excess of last year.

"We have added to the Rest account $35,948, making it $333,653, equal to 33 per cent. of the paid-up capital, and transferred the balance, $55,629.65, to profit and loss account.

"We have opened during the year branches at Sunderland, Ont., Lyleton, and Crystal City, Man., and Sintaluta, Sask. The total assets show an increase of $1,182,220.76."

An Enthusiastic Director.

Mr. John Kennedy, vice-president of the Grain Growers' Company, of Winnipeg, and a director of the Home Bank, was present at the meeting, and described the nature of the organization of which he is the vice-president. In each of the three North-West provinces there are voluntary organizations of the farmers, called Grain Growers' Associations, organized for the purpose of obtaining for their members the full market price for their grain. There are between twenty and thirty thousand farmers members of these organizations, and the number is rapidly increasing, and the expectation is that in time they will embrace practically all the farmers of the West, now numbering some 130,000.

The Grain Growers' Grain Company is an incorporated institution, with its headquarters in Winnipeg. The par value of the shares of this company is $25, and no one can hold more than four shares. The stockholders must be farmers or associated with farming, number about 7,000. This company handles the grain of the members of the Grain Growers' Associations, advancing a certain proportion of the price, and the balance when the grain is sold. Mr. Kennedy stated that they handled some 8,000,000 bushels of grain in the season just closed and were more than pleased with the treatment they received at the hands of the Home Bank of Canada. The company was particularly fortunate, he considered, in having its dealings with the Home Bank, and the bank found in the company a safe and profitable customer.

The bank, when asked to open a branch, found a great many of the neighboring farmers stockholders of the bank, and also members of the association, and they would naturally prefer to do their business with what they now call the Bank of the Farmers of the North-West.

Mr. Kennedy is of the opinion that it will only be a question of time when the Home Bank will be represented throughout the North-West, and a profitable and flourishing business established.

A resolution moved by Mr. L. H. Baldwin and seconded by Mr. W. T. Kernahan was adopted providing for an increase of one thousand dollars to be added to the sum appropriated for directors' fees.

On a motion by Mr. Edward Galley, seconded by Mr. H. G. Hopkirk, the thanks of the shareholders were tendered to the president, vice-president and directors for their careful attention to the affairs of the bank.

On a motion by Mr. H. T. Kelly, K.C., seconded by Mr. H. W. Evans, the thanks of the shareholders were tendered to the general manager and the other officers of the bank for the efficient manner in which they have respectively discharged their duties during the past year.

Directors for 1909-10.

Messrs. W. T. Kernahan and Wm. Crocker were appointed scrutineers and reported the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. Eugene O'Keefe, Thos. Flynn, E. G. Gooderham, Lieut.-Col. J. I. Davidson, W. Parkyn Murray, John Perme, John Kennedy and Lieut.-Col. James Mason.

At a meeting held immediately after the close of the annual meeting of shareholders, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe was re-elected president and Mr. Thos. Flynn re-elected vice-president of the bank.

SOCIETY

THE Alexandra had a gala week ending last Saturday. The "Music Master" attracted vast audiences, in spite of the heat, and on Friday evening every box was full. Lady Grey and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Lady Evelyn Grey, Major Macdonald were in a stage box; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith had Miss Milne, Mrs. Magann, and Mr. Turner in their box; Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright had their guest, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small had theirs, and here and there among the groups in the stalls were many of the Council delegates. "Weeps" were the rule, instead of the exception, and a man who went to meet his wife and a delegate to take them to supper after the play tells a funny yarn about how the ladies emerged from the theatre wiping away their tears, polishing their red little noses, and sighing "Oh! it was a lovely play, we've enjoyed it so much!" And not only the gentler sex succumbed, for many men were noisily blowing noses and furtively drying eyes at the close of the play.

❋

I am told an Antipodean woman said some very illhatured things about social and personal items in newspapers. If that abusive personage would stay long enough in Toronto, we'd be able to show her how little resemblance there is between the ladylike and good-natured way we have in our reporting of our neighbors' affairs and the impertinent personals one reads in some Australian papers. It's not so long ago that I regretted to see a most uncalled for and impudent reference to a young lady, a native of Toronto, in a Melbourne street. Look at home, Miss Delegate, before you offend again in an almost blameless city in the matter of journalistic courtesy.

❋

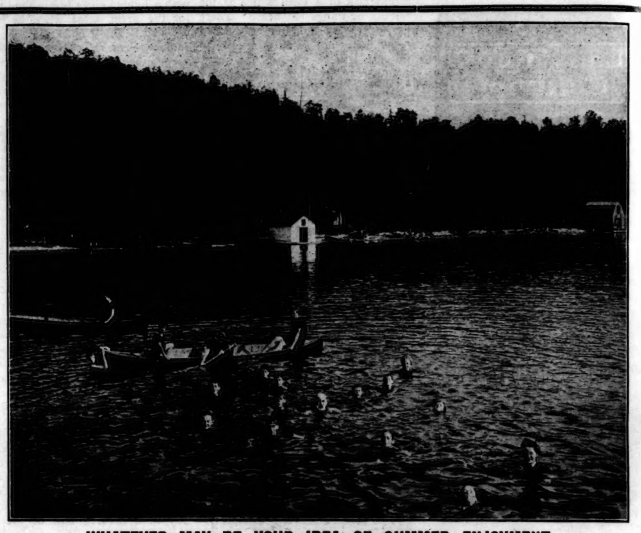
They are gone from us, the women of twenty-two countries, of divers language and tone of thought, but all honestly hoping and working for the betterment of conditions in this busy old world. Having no time to attend the meetings, I have perforce contented myself by making love to them individually as opportunity offered in social intercourse. The ladies to whom I have been attracted have turned out the perfect dears one enjoys being nice to. I have been lucky in not striking one single snag! If there has been a jarring note or a clash of strife, I have not heard it, and that is a good deal to say after the stress of heat, hustle, fatigue and a new language and environment for scores of our guests. From Norway and Sweden and Denmark and Holland and Belgium and Vienna and dear Hungary, and ould Ireland and Auld Reekie and England's fairest counties good women and true. God bless them! I have discovered, and of course other folks have gone even further afield and fared equally well. They all say nice things of Toronto, which burg, as it bids them farewell, can echo the compliments.

❋

The marriage of Miss Edith Muriel Morphy to Mr. James Newall Bell takes place quietly at Christ church, Deer Park, on Monday morning at half-past ten.

WEDDING, PLEASURE, FISHING AND VACATION TOURS.

Where to go is the question, it being now generally acknowledged that a change is a necessity. If you are sick you go to your physician—why not consult a specialist regarding your trip? Mr. C. E. Horning, the city passenger and ticket agent of the Grand Trunk, at the northwest corner King and Yonge streets, will freely give you advice, reliable information, illustrated publications, and make you up an itinerary for a two to thirty-day vacation trip, suitable to your requirements or pocket book, or address J. D. McDonald, district passenger agent, Toronto, Ont.



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you will find the most complete fulfillment of your desires in the wonderful
LAKE OF BAYS REGION

Whether you seek a place of rest; a spot where fish abound, or a resort where Summer social festivities are at their best—your maximum of enjoyment lies at one or other of the up-to-date hotels on Lakes Vernon, Fairy, Mary, or Lake of Bays.

Full information as to Hotel Rates, cost of transportation and means of access on application to J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, G. T. R.

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The highest virtue that can be claimed for a beverage is PURITY.
Of Scotch Whisky Brands there are few that can, with so much justification, claim absolute purity as can TEACHER'S. Matured in wood, and mellowed by age.

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AND RETAILED IN TORONTO BY
WM. MARA & CO.

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It is famous in England and Scotland—the ball selected by championship players. Sold everywhere in Canada by The Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., and by dealers in athletic and sporting goods.

If you cannot get the Dunlop Golf Ball from your dealer write direct to the Dunlop Company, Booth Ave., Toronto. "Orange Star" postpaid, 50c. "The Manor," a practice ball, postpaid. 35 cents.

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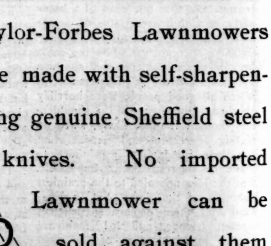

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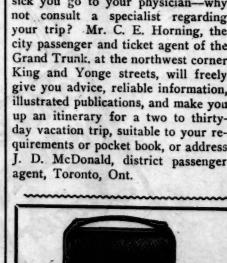

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Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

SMILY—On Wednesday, June 24, at Grace Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Owen A. Smily, of 173 Roxborough street west, a son.

MARRIAGES.

BEEMER—LAND—On Saturday, June 26, 1909, at 38 North Sherbourne street, Mrs. Gertrude Leadley Land to Harry G. Beemer, both of Toronto.

DEATHS.

BLACK—Suddenly, at Cobourg, on Monday, June 28, 1909, William Black, in his 62nd year.

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Private Mortuary
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SUMMER SUITS FOR MEN

There's only one certain way to prove that you get value for your clothes—wear them. They may wear a long while, but that isn't all of the value in clothes, there must be style and fit as well as comfort. When you see our clothes you will understand more what we mean. They're clothes such as you don't expect for such prices; such as you won't find anywhere else either, made for us exclusively, put extra quality of fabrics and tailoring into them.

Two-piece Summer Suits, Tropical Worsteds, Flannels and Homespuns ..... $10.00 to $20.00

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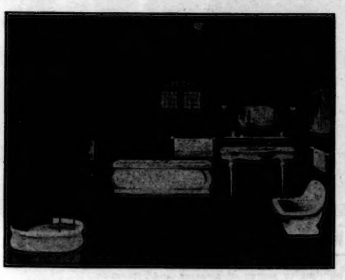
Flannel Trousers, plain or striped... $3.25 and $5.50

White Duck Trousers ..... $1.00 and $1.50

Alpaca, Lustre, Silk Lustre and Rajah Silk Summer Coats, from ..... $1.75 to $7.75

Summer Wash Vests in a large range of colors and designs, from..... $1.50 to $4.75



Bathroom Fixtures That Endure

While it is true of "Alexandra" ware that it excels, in point of beauty of finish and graceful design, all other kinds of Bathroom Fixtures, the quality upon which SPECIAL emphasis must be made is "DURABILITY."

Made of cast iron, covered with heavy porcelain enamel, "Alexandra" ware simply cannot crack.

There's no "wear-out" to it.

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Society at the Capital

THE usual summer quiet is gradually settling over the Capital as far as social occurrences are concerned, and the recent spell of torrid weather has tended to hasten the preparations of those who are fortunate to be able to flit to cooler climes for the next two months. By the second week in July the ranks of Ottawa's Four Hundred will be materially lessened. Among those who have left during the past few days for various attractive summer resorts, or for the now most popular trip to the Old Country are: Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Newcombe, who sailed at the end of the week for a trip to England; Mrs. Newell Bate and her two daughters, Mrs. Calderon, of Edmonton, and Miss Elinor Bate, who will enjoy the sea-breezes on the coast of Maine for the hot weather; Mrs. C. Ross and family, who will summer at Little Metis; Hon. Wm. and Mrs. Paterson, who have gone to their summer home in Brantford. Mr. H. N. Bate who, accompanied by his three daughters, Mrs. Aldous, Mrs. Barret Dewar, and Mrs. Lansing Lewis, returned last week from a trip to the Continent, has with Mrs. Alex. Christie and Miss Katie Christie, gone as usual to occupy his pretty bungalow at St. Patrick's. The American Consul, Mr. J. G. Foster, Mrs. Foster, Miss Katherine and the Messrs. Austin and Stephen Foster sailed on Saturday by the Victorian from Montreal, and will travel abroad for the next year. On the same day Dr. and Mrs. W. I. Bradley and two little daughters sailed from Montreal for the south of France, where they will spend several months with Mrs. Bradley's mother, who resides in Brittany. Rev. Dr. Herridge and Mrs. Herridge are holidaying at Murray Bay, and Mrs. H. P. Wright with her family will leave during the week for Cap a l'-Aigle, to remain until September.

His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Mary Hamilton, accompanied by their English guest, Miss Godwin, expect to leave on Tuesday to take up their residence in their new and very artistic cottage at Blue Sea Lake, up the Gatineau River. On Wednesday afternoon His Grace and Mrs. Hamilton held a most charming reception in special honor of the various clergymen and lay delegates who had gathered in the Capital to attend the meeting of the Synod. Although the weather was not exactly satisfactory and several heavy showers occurred during the earlier part of the afternoon, over two hundred guests enjoyed the hearty hospitality of the genial and popular host and hostess, who are beloved by all who know them. Mrs. Hamilton wore a most becoming costume of dove grey with touches of black velvet, and was assisted in her duties by Miss Mary Hamilton, who was prettily gowned in white embroidered muslin over pink silk. Miss Godwin, of London, England, who served the ices, was also daintily gowned in white muslin. Miss Ethel Hamilton, who, although still somewhat of an invalid, is steadily regaining her health, had gone up to Blue Sea Lake several days previous to this. Mrs. Alder Bliss and Miss Mary Bogert presided at the prettily arranged tea-table, where clusters of pink and white sweet peas made a most dainty and fragrant decoration, and were assisted by Miss Phoebe Read, Miss Edith Bogert, and the Misses Jessie and Mildred Low. A very large number of the visiting clergy, as well as all the clergymen of the various Anglican churches in town were present, and a thoroughly delightful hour or two was the result.

Mr. Edward S. Houston, who has recently been transferred as manager of the Ottawa branch of the Imperial Bank, arrived in the city early in the week. As soon as Mr. Houston succeeds in finding a suitable residence, he will be joined by Mrs. Houston, who is at present at Niagara Falls, where Mr. Houston has been manager of the Imperial Bank since their marriage about ten months ago. Mr. Houston was here for several months last year, and has many warm friends in the Capital who are charmed to have him with them once more. Mr. Gerald Boulton, whom he succeeded, has been appointed inspector of the bank, with headquarters at Toronto, and with Mrs. Boulton and their small son left for the Queen City last week.

The races of the Ottawa Rowing Club came off on Saturday afternoon and were witnessed from the club house by a goodly number of interested spectators. In the evening the young people enjoyed a "bonnet hop" at the club house which was chaperoned by Mrs. R. Haycock, Mrs. George Patterson Murphy, and Mrs. Alan Gill, and which was a most successful event. THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, June 28, 1909.

Incipient Misanthropy.

I TRY to love my neighbor,
As I was taught at school;
The plowshare, not the sabre,
Throughout this world should rule.
And yet in some dejection
I am compelled to state
That my sincere affection
He won't reciprocate.

Great trusts he organizes
To make my cash grow less.
His grasping zeal surprises
By its stupendousness
Although I stoutly labor
His kindlier traits to see,
I sadly fear my neighbor
Has got it in for me.

—Washington Post.

Niagara on the Lake ::

The dance at the Queen's Royal Saturday evening was most enjoyable, the floor and music being perfect. Some of those present were: General and Mrs. Cotton, Miss Cotton, Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mrs. Case, Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harvey, the Misses McGill, Miss Witnam, Miss Ford, Miss Patti Warren, Miss Heward, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Phillips, Dr. and Mrs. Suggs, Fort Niagara; Miss Geddes, Miss Foy, Miss Murphy, Miss Webster, Miss Jackson, Mrs. Lancing, Miss Lancing, Miss Web, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bickford, Miss Bell, Miss Edith Andrews, Colonel S. Denison, Captain Lindsey, Mr. Stanley Kerr, Mr. F. C. Suydam, Mr. Cole, Mr. Band, Mr. Tilson, Mr. Warren, Mr. Grey, Captain Buck, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Smith, and others.

Mr. John Foy and family arrived in town last week, and are now settled in their pretty cottage for the summer.

Miss Louise Ford, who has been the guest of Mrs. McGaw, has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Henry Garrett and Miss Mary Garrett, Northampton, Mass., have arrived in town for the summer.

Mr. Russell Grey, who has been spending his holidays in town, returned to Toronto last Tuesday.

Mr. E. S. Ball, Toronto, spent the week-end in town.

Miss Murphy and Miss Beatrice Webster, Toronto, are the guests of Mrs. John Foy.

Miss Edith Heward has returned to Toronto.

The Misses Merritt, who were among the guests at the Queen's Royal, have returned to Toronto.

The Misses McGill and Miss Grace Witnam, who have been spending a few days in town, left on Monday for Sundridge.

Mrs. Forbes Geddes left town on Monday for Winnipeg to spend July and August with her daughter, Mrs. George Patterson.

Mrs. S. H. Thompson spent the week-end at the Queen's Royal.

Mr. Edward Ker, Vancouver, B.C., spent the week-end in town, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Anderson.

The Queen's Royal Golf and Tennis Club opens for the season next Saturday, July 10, Mr. W. B. Tilson being the secretary.

Miss Mary Bissell, who has been the guest of Mrs. Garrett at The Rectory, has returned to Buffalo.

Miss Aileen Robertson, Miss Hilda Reid, and Miss MacKenzie, who were the guests of Mrs. Ince during camp, have returned to Toronto.

MARCELL.

Mabel—I don't believe you really meant it when you said you were anxious to hear me sing. Sam—Oh, I assure you I did! You see, I had never heard you sing before.—Pick-Me-Up.

"You say you are in love with Miss Baggs?" "I sure am." "But I can't see anything attractive about her." "Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank, all right."—Cleveland Leader.

"What do you learn, Joe," the Sunday school teacher said, "from the Samson story?" "It don't never pay," piped Joe, "to have a woman cut a feller's hair."—Harper's Weekly.

Biscuit and Berries

A DELICIOUS, wholesome, nutritious combination for the Summer days when the stomach rebels against heavy meats, starchy foods and soggy pastries—

SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES

The purest, cleanest, most nourishing of all cereal foods combined with the most luscious berry that grows from American soil. A light, palatable, healthful dish for any meal—easily digested by the most delicate stomach—supplies all the strength needed for a half day's work.

Heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness, then cover with strawberries and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. Try it for dessert in place of soggy white flour short-cake and other pastries. The Biscuit is equally delicious and wholesome with other berries or fresh fruits in season. Many persons who cannot eat strawberries or other fresh fruit without distress find them very nourishing and satisfying in combination with Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Our new illustrated cook book is sent free for the asking.

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Coca-Cola

Whenever, wherever, however you see an arrow, let it point the way to a soda fountain, and a glass of the beverage that is so delicious and so popular that it and even its advertising are constant inspiration for imitators.

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Are you tired? —> Coca-Cola relieves fatigue.
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Do you crave something just to tickle your palate—not too sweet, but alive with vim and go? Coca-Cola is delicious.

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Coca-Cola is made in Canada

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Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

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ROYAL
Niagara-on-the-Lake,
Now Open for the Season
BOWLING TOURNAMENT
Week of August 12th.
INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT Week of August 23rd.
The golf links are in perfect order. Fine roads, garage and all accessories. Bathing, boating and black bass fishing. Casino and New Country Club.
ONLY DISTILLED WATER USED.
For rates and booklet apply—
WINNETT AND THOMPSON

THE ROYAL MUSKOKA
HOTEL, Lake Rosseau—All the comforts and conveniences of the modern city hotel—Rooms with or without bath—Telegraph—Telephone—Golf—Tennis—a few hours from Toronto—Through trains over three lines connecting with direct steamers—now open. Attractive rates until July 20th. Booklet and terms from L. W. Marson, Box 35, Royal Muskoka, Lake Rosseau. Steamer information from R. M. Melville, 40 Toronto St., Toronto. Phone M. 2010.

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New and up to date summer resort, at The Narrows, near Orillia. Full particulars by writing R. A. Harris, Atherly P.O., Ontario, Canada.

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LANGHAM HOTEL
Portland Place and Regent St. W.
FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER
In Fashionable and Healthy Locality
Reduced Inclusive Terms during August and September.

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HOTEL BRANT, BURLINGTON.

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"VIAMEDE," Stoney Lake, rebuilt in modern style and newly furnished throughout. The finest family resort on the Kawartha Lakes. Write for illustrated booklet and terms to
MRS. W. M. GRAHAM,
Mount Julian, Ont.

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Send for Booklet describing this nature lover's paradise. An ideal place to camp or build cottage. Wm. Cowan, Cecebe, Ontario.

An "Ideal" Outing
Rest, Recreation and Study
A limited party is now forming for July in the Adirondacks, at Mountain View Lake and Hotel, under Prof. J. P. Stephen, of Montreal.
Pleasure and Profit at low cost. Of special interest to Teachers, Students and Clergymen!
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EDINBURGH
COFFEE ESSENCE
THE PUREST ON THE MARKET.
READY IN A FEW SECONDS. SAVES TIME AND TROUBLE. TRY IT. At all Grocers & Stores.

The Onus of the Charge

(*Continued from page 9.*)

signed "One who knows," the envelope, the date, the stamp, all appeared to be in perfect order.

"No signature, as your Worships will notice," Coxley said smoothly. "You thought it better to go and see the man than make an appointment which—"

"I acted, as usual, on the spur of the moment," Scanlaw proceeded. "I rather suspected another form of the conspiracy. It seemed to me if I took the writer of the letter by surprise—"

"And did you take the writer of the letter by surprise?"

"It was more or less mutual," said Scanlaw. "When I was going into the bar, a man accosted me and whispered my name. He did not give his, but suggested that he had written me a letter. The man in question looked like an actor in reduced circumstances."

"One moment," Coxley interrupted. "If you went over on your motor, and the streets were crowded—"

"I left my motor on the outskirts of the town, close to Illchester Priory, in the ditch on the left-hand side; it seemed best to walk. I sat in the bar talking to my man for some time. He gave me a great deal of information about Chagg—what, I will tell the Bench if they like—not that it would be of any assistance to their Worships. I was there from ten till ten minutes to twelve."

Coxley wanted to know if anything unusual had happened. Scanlaw's voice grew a trifle more husky.

"A very strange thing," he said. "The man I sat with knew a lot about me, because he, too, had passed a great deal of his time in America. My ring attracted the attention of the man in the bar at the 'Mitre.'"

"Did your friend in the 'Mitre' bar examine the ring?" Coxley asked.

"He did, he looked at it carefully. When we were talking, a man came in and had a hurried drink and passed out again. As he was going, my friend said it was Chagg. I got up on the spur of the moment and hurried after him. I was going to finish him off then and there. Unfortunately for me, a fight was going on outside, and the police intervened. Whilst I was in the press, the doors of the 'Mitre' were closed, and I could not get back again."

"All this is a matter of common knowledge in Illchester," Coxley said suavely.

"Then I made up my mind to go home," Scanlaw resumed. "I went back home, and that is all I know of the matter. I did not worry about the ring, because I expected that my friend of the 'Mitre' bar would send it back to me."

"You produce the gentleman of the 'Mitre' bar?" the Crown counsel said.

"Not at present," Coxley was fain to admit. "But we are looking for him everywhere. He is agent in advance for a theatrical company, and therefore his work takes him into out-of-the-way places. He may not have heard of the case yet. If we can produce the gentleman in question, and his evidence is as my client states, then the prosecution falls to the ground."

The legal representative of the Crown stated that it did. According to the medical evidence, the crime had been committed between the hours of ten and twelve; indeed, the murdered man's watch, which had been broken in the struggle, had stopped at 11.25, to be precise. At that time Scanlaw was attempting to prove that he was fifteen miles away.

"Do you apply for an adjournment, Mr. Coxley?" the chairman asked.

"I am not quite in a position to say, sir," Coxley replied. "But I am going to place a policeman in the box who will swear that he tracked the wheels of Mr. Scanlaw's motor-car from the stable to the ditch by the side of Illchester Priory, and back again. That test was made and proved this morning, though Mr. Scanlaw's chauffeur was strongly of opinion that the big Panhard had not been out of the stables for three days prior to and following the murder. To go further, the state of the motor and the lowness of the petrol prove that, beyond doubt, Mr. Scanlaw was along the road and in the motor at Illchester on the night of the murder."

"But the murdered man was at Mr. Scanlaw's house?" the chairman suggested.

"We are not going to deny it," Coxley exclaimed. "He probably got tired and went away. Incidentally he took with him from a case in the hall a fine collection of old gold coins. I suggest that these coins aroused the cupidity of some confederate waiting outside, which led to the murder. Of course, it seems to me that if we could track those coins—"

A policeman stood up in court and held a handful of gold coins aloft. He had found them that very morning in a piece of tobacco-paper, near to where the murder was committed. The packed spectators thrilled and rocked at the discovery. People there looked at Scanlaw's impassive face; the thin, hard features never changed a muscle. The stir and fret was at its height when a little man, with the suggestion of an actor about him, bustled in. He had an air of agitation and fussy impatience. He apologized to the Bench for his want of ceremony.

"I have only just heard of this case, your Worships," he said. "My name is John Oliver. I am agent in advance for the Vestris Comedy Company. I am told that they are looking for me. I only heard of this case just now. But, seeing that Mr. Scanlaw was in my company on the night of the murder till nearly twelve o'clock, why—"

"Hadn't the man better be sworn?" the Crown counsel said tartly.

Mr. John Oliver wanted nothing better. He gave his evidence glibly, but to the point; in every respect he confirmed exactly what Scanlaw had said. As Coxley finished his questions, the little Crown lawyer shot up.

"What did you do with the ring? That's the point."

"Upon my word, I forget," the witness cried. "When I pointed out to Mr. Scanlaw the man I deemed to be Chagg, I had the ring in my hand. To be perfectly candid, I had been drinking a good deal that night and I was a little muddled. I distinctly remember laying down the ring somewhere. If—if I could only recollect! . . . I've got it! We were sitting by the fireplace in the 'Mitre.' It is an old oak fireplace, with a fine overmantel carved with figures in niches. I put the ring in one of the little niches on the left-hand side of the fireplace in a vague kind of way. I suppose I must have had another drink and forgotten all about it. It is not a showy ring, and the overmantel is very dirty, I recollect. Unless the housemaids have been extra busy—which is not very likely, seeing that there would be a deal of pressure of work at the Fair time—the ring is very likely to be exactly where I placed it."

"We shall have to have an adjournment after all," the chairman said.

"Not the least occasion for anything of the kind, your Worships," said Coxley cheerfully. "I would suggest that Sergeant Braithwaite go over to the post-office and telephone to the police-station at Illchester, telling them exactly what has happened. In less than ten minutes we shall know whether the story is confirmed or not."

There was a general surging of bodies, a gasping of breath, as the sergeant of police came back into court, swelling with puffy importance.

"It seems, your Worship," he said, "as the witness is quite correct in the statement of hisn. The ring has been found by one of the ladies in the bar of the 'Mitre,' and has been handed over to the police at Illchester. If necessary, a special messenger—"

"There is no necessity," the chairman said. "A full description of the ring has been in the hands of the Illchester police for some days, and they are perfectly well aware whether they have the proper ring or not. Do you propose to call any more witnesses, Mr. Coxley?"

Coxley smilingly indicated that he was perfectly satisfied to leave matters in the hands of a bench of magistrates so singularly luminous-minded and clearheaded. Perhaps his friend who appeared on behalf of the public prosecutor had a few words to say.

"I follow the same lead," the little barrister said politely. "I have no animus in the matter. I have simply to do my duty, and there is an end of it. The case has taken a totally unexpected turn in favor of the prisoner; and, so far as I can see, there is nothing more to be done besides look for the murderer of Chagg elsewhere."

A loud murmur of applause followed the generous statement. The Bench put their heads together and whispered for a moment. Ten minutes later, and Scanlaw stepped out into the street a free man. An hour later, and he was lunching quietly at home with John Oliver opposite him. The door was closed, and the two men talked in whispers. From time to time Oliver fingered a thick pad of paper in his breast-pocket that crackled with a musical sound.

"A little imagination of the playwright, my dear sir," he said, "and a little good luck. You see, I did happen to be in the bar of the 'Mitre' that night with a mysterious stranger whose collar was turned up. He was a friend of mine who had done something wrong, and I was smuggling him away. The inspiration came to me like a flash when I heard your case tried the first day. Then I worked out all those questions and answers between your lawyer and yourself. If I had not known Coxley to be a perfectly unscrupulous rascal, I dared not have tried that on. My next game was to get your chauffeur out of the way and make that very pretty confirmatory evidence as to the visit to Illchester and the motor left in the ditch by the Priory. That touch about the missing case of coins from the hall was also a pretty one, I flatter myself. As to smuggling the ring on to the mantelpiece, that was quite easy. I placed it there myself before a full bar of drunken farmers and the like who were in from the Fair. Then I brought your motor back and lay low to wait for developments. I fancy I timed my dramatic entrance very prettily indeed. But all the same, luck was dead on your side—everything played into my hands. What a magnificent situation for a play it would make!"

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Hundreds of resorts whither wend the pilgrims in search of pleasure and recreation.
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For full information apply to any ticket agent, or write R. L. Thompson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

When he finished his freshman year he thought that he would begin as far down on the commercial ladder as first vice-president, for he knew that by hard work and application he could fight his way to the topmost rung.

When his sophomore year was over he believed that it would be really the best for him to go in as Western field-manager. A taste of the West would do him good, anyhow.

When he had completed the junior year he decided that he would be content to accept the position of chief clerk, as a future president should know all the details of his business.

When his degree was given him he went out and applied for a job, just as anybody else would.—Puck.

Author—Have you read my new book? Friend—Yes. Author—What do you think of it? Friend—Well, to be candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart.—Pick-Me-Up.